

TIME

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Actual size.

"The iPod is the best digital music player yet. It makes previous music players look like yard-sale 1950s sci-fi toys."

— Steven Levy, Newsweek

"No one else has this much storage in a package this small. Never has digital music been this well organized."

— Chris Taylor, Time

"It may be the finest portable music player ever built. My iPod cruised at full volume for 13 continuous hours, longer than any other hard-drive-based MP3 player."

— David Pogue, The New York Times

"Leave it to Apple, maker of some of the world's sleekest computers, to come out with the world's coolest MP3 player."

— Troy Dreier, pcmagazine.com

"The iPod is simply the best digital music player I've seen."

— Walter Mossberg, The Wall Street Journal

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IT PAYS TO DISCOVER



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Once the shadow partner of the Taliban, al-Qaeda is now clinging to a corner of Tora Bora **Page 30**

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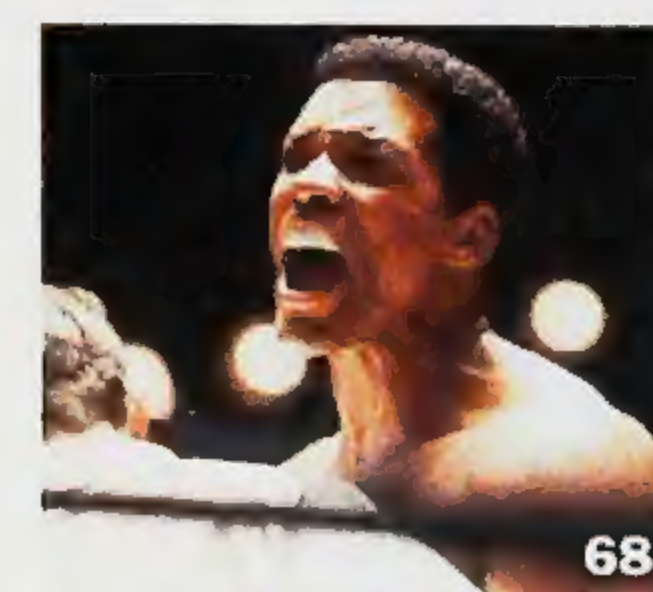
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COVER Photograph from AFP—Romeo Cacac

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DEC. 17 - 23

THE YEAR IN PICTURES ▲ TRAGEDY AND TRIUMPH

The World Trade Center and Pentagon tragedies and their aftermath produced astonishing side-by-side images of heroism and destruction, capping a year full of truly unforgettable photos. Our readers seem to agree; by far the most popular feature on TIME.com in the three months since the Sept. 11 attacks has been "Shattered," James Nachtwey's devastating photo essay of ground zero on that day. Some 1.5 million people saw it the week of 9/11, and an average of 200,000 have looked at it every week since. But 2001 was a year that produced dozens of other memorable moments—Barry Bonds setting the home run record, the Gary Condit-Chandra Levy mess and Jim Jeffords' surprise defection from the G.O.P., for example—and we've got photos from these stories, and more, online. See a month-by-month retelling of the year in pictures, plus links back to TIME.com's coverage of the events, at time.com/yip2001. See "Shattered" at time.com/shattered.

BEST AND WORST 2001

THE YEAR'S BEST COMIX

In his weekly Web column TIME.comix, TIME.com's Andrew Arnold has been chronicling the increasingly complex and evolving world of comic-book literature. This week, as a companion to TIME magazine's "Best and Worst of 2001" feature, Arnold presents his Top 10 comic books of 2001. No. 1: James Sturm's *The Golem's Mighty Swing*. Find the complete list, along with the best in

books, music, movies, sport, advertising and more, at time.com/bestworst2001



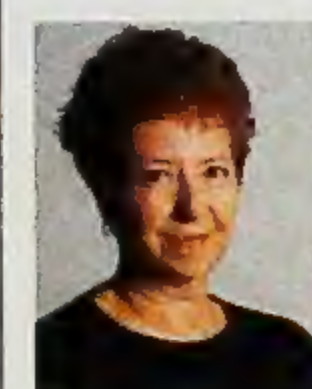
✧ PERSON OF THE YEAR

Should George W. Bush be TIME's Person of the Year two years running? TIME.com readers think so, and you can see the tallies at our POY preview site. Bush currently holds 17.9 percent of the vote, just ahead of First Lady Laura. Tell us whom you would choose and explain in 50 words why your choice is the person who, in the words of TIME founder Henry Luce, "most affected our lives, for good or ill this year." We will run the best entries in the POY issue of the magazine. Also online, view every POY cover, including the 1930 edition, featuring Man of the Year Mohandas Gandhi, and see photo galleries of the winners and near winners. You can also register to receive an e-mail alert when the Person of the Year is announced. At time.com/poy2001



ONLINE CHATS

Every week TIME writers and editors chat on AOL about the news. This week we talk about Osama bin Laden's performance in his infamous videotape and Will Smith's role as Muhammad Ali. Go to AOL, Keyword: Live

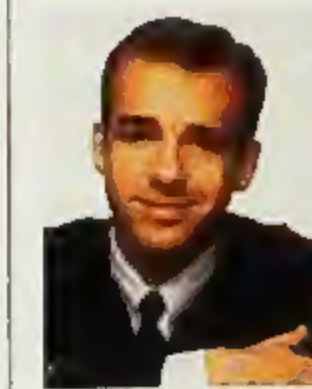


From Baghdad to Jerusalem, senior foreign correspondent **JOHANNA MCGEARY** has extensive experience in reporting the big stories

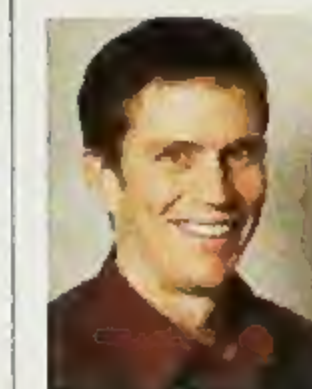
from the Arab world, and has been covering the war in Afghanistan since its beginning. This week she writes on the terror threat still out there even after the Taliban are routed from Afghanistan and whether al-Qaeda can regroup. Chat with her on Monday, Dec. 17, at 8 p.m. E.T.



Editor-at-large **MICHAEL ELLIOTT** snagged the plum assignment this week of examining one of the most eagerly anticipated bits of video in recent memory, featuring Osama bin Laden. Elliott explores what the tape tells us about bin Laden—and writes about the future of al-Qaeda. Chat with him about the tales of the tape on Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 8 p.m. E.T.



JESS CAGLE, TIME's West Coast senior editor, reports on the making of director Michael Mann's new movie about Muhammad Ali, one of the most compelling and controversial figures of the 20th century. Talk with Jess about Ali, *Ali*, and the man who plays Ali, Will Smith, on Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 8 p.m. E.T.



TIME.com news editor **MARK COATNEY** has been holding down the servers here at TIME.com since before Sept. 11 and oversees our online coverage of everything from the domestic and international wars on terror to finding the best holiday books for your child. Chat with him about anything at all on Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8 p.m. E.T.

STEVEN FREEMAN

ford escape.

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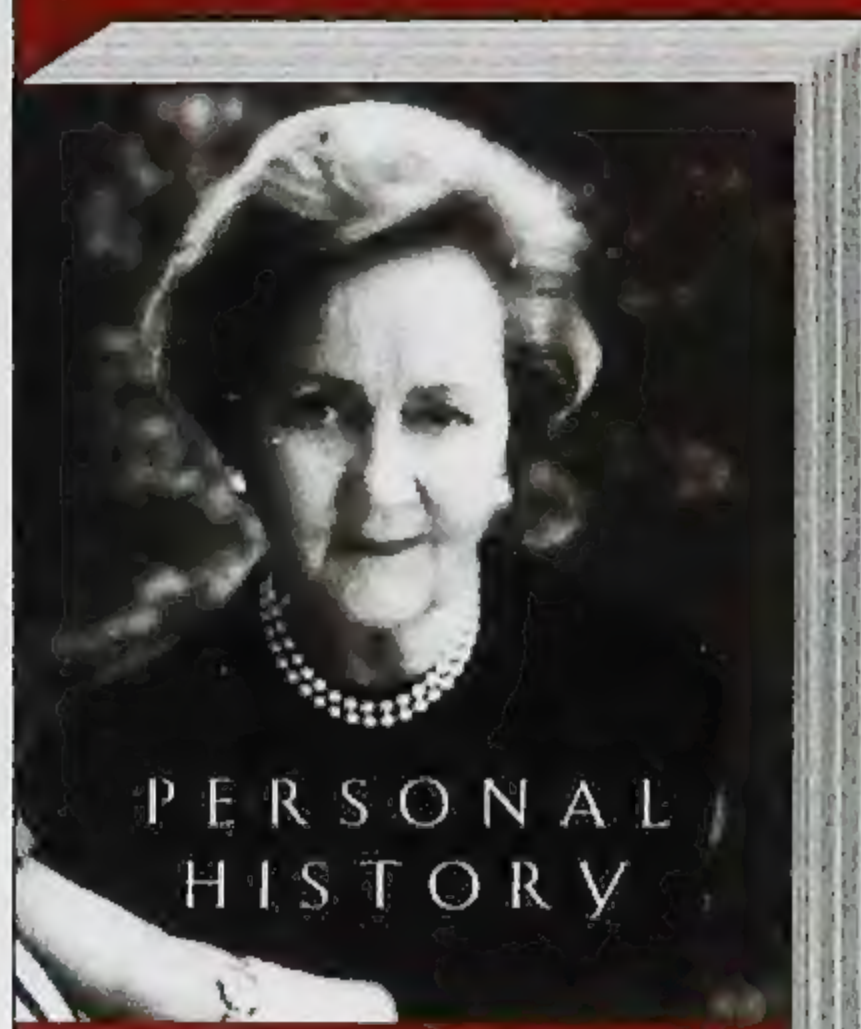
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LETTERS



Lifting the Veil

“There are few moments in history when a lifesaving chance emerges. Now is the time for the world to save Afghan women.”

SHIVA SHEKHAR
Delhi, India

YOUR STORIES ABOUT WOMEN UNDER Taliban oppression in Afghanistan were heartbreaking [SPECIAL REPORT, Dec. 3]. Denied the most basic human rights, a woman is “owned” first by her father, then by her husband. Her life is only as good as the man who owns her at the moment, and she has absolutely no way of changing her future. Any attempt by the West to free the enslaved women of Afghanistan is not cultural imperialism but a moral imperative.

DEBORAH WASSER
Little Silver, N.J.

OPPRESSIVE ACTS AGAINST WOMEN, including physical abuse, rape and economic control, are prevalent in all poor regions of the world, irrespective of race or religion. Most Muslim countries—former colonies exploited by the West—are plagued with overpopulation, underdevelopment and illiteracy. Poverty and ignorance are the primary culprits of economic and social injustices suffered by women.

AYESHA UMER
New York City

THERE ARE FEW MOMENTS IN HISTORY when a lifesaving chance emerges. Now is the time for the world to save Afghan women. But simply replacing the Taliban rulers with a combination of Northern Alliance tribesmen (who have a just marginally less gory past) and other warlords may be meaningless to women.

The new government must include representatives specifically defending the interests of Afghan women. Fundamentalism of the Taliban variety threatens women first (that's why when it begins no one gives a damn) and eventually hurts everyone. Even men should know this by now.

SHIVA SHEKHAR
Delhi, India

ISN'T IT IRONIC THAT MORE TRADITIONAL societies such as Pakistan, India and the Philippines have had women as heads of state, but the progressive U.S. is probably at least 50 years away? American women need to shed their political burkas.

FRED OPERE
Grand Prairie, Texas

IT IS GRATIFYING THAT PRESIDENT BUSH relies on the expertise of his advisers Condoleezza Rice and Karen Hughes. But in the Middle East, there's little chance for women to shape their destinies. They have had to put up with terror their entire lives in their very homes. Perhaps the war on terrorism will have beneficial results for a long-forgotten, oppressed people: not the men of Islam, but their wives, mothers and sisters.

KATHERINE RYAN
Manhattan Beach, Calif.

ONE OF THE MOST SALIENT BAROMETERS of a culture's well-being is its treatment of women. It is no accident that the nations with the least respect for women's rights are also the most stagnant in every other way. There will be no future for the Middle East beyond the perpetuation of its present agonies unless there is a fundamental revolution in its approach to gender and power.

EDWARD FOX
Toronto

EVEN IF THOSE WHO ABUSE WOMEN believe their actions follow Islamic teaching, their thinking is not necessarily correct. The sins of Muslims must never be confused with Islamic doctrine. Furthermore, quoting from the Koran without context does readers a disservice. It is akin to quoting this verse from the Bible: “Neither was the man created for the woman; but the woman for the man” (1 Corinthians II:9) and concluding that

Christianity is a sexist religion seeking to oppress women. Is this fair? No. Islam should be accorded the same courtesy.

HESHAM A. HASSABALLA
Villa Park, Ill.

>>While welcoming Afghan women's newfound freedom to throw off the burka, several readers cautioned that the celebration should not veil other limits on women's liberty. “You said, ‘Nowhere in the Muslim world are women treated as equals,’” observed a California woman. “Excuse me, but nowhere in the whole wide world are women treated as equals.” A Muslim Pennsylvanian challenged cultural assumptions: “The modern Western idea of feminism instructs females to be like males, while Islam encourages us to accept our sex and live as proud females.” Looking at both cultures, a Canadian man felt it might be best to merge them: “If there is an answer, it lies in the proud and beautiful faces of the Turkish women you pictured, who have found a

COMEBACK TOMEI



STEVE SANDS—CORBIS OUTLINE

Academy Award-winning actress Marisa Tomei's powerful performance in the new movie *In the Bedroom* is generating the kind of big-time Hollywood buzz that few

actors get to enjoy. People are talking Oscar nomination [CINEMA, Dec. 3]. The recognition must be especially sweet for Tomei, who came out of nowhere to snag the statuette for Best Supporting Actress in 1992 and then promptly vanished into the mists of off-Broadway plays and mostly obscure films. TIME recognized from the start that Tomei was no one-hit wonder. Here's our take on the splash she made with her memorable role in *My Cousin Vinny* (April 6, 1992):

“SHE HAS DONE FOR ‘DESE, DEM AND DOSE’ WHAT LAURENCE OLIVIER DID FOR ‘FORSOOTH!’—or so one

would think from the raves for Marisa Tomei's star turn in film farce *My Cousin Vinny* as Brooklyn barrister Joe Pesci's car-savvy fiancée. Tomei's screen-friendly self-confidence belies her brief résumé: from a walk-on in 1984's *The Flamingo Kid* to Sly Stallone's daughter in last year's Oscar ... Of her current incarnation as the garish Mona Lisa Vito, Tomei says, “I don't think she is a bimbo. I think she stands by her man, she loves him ... and she loves her clothes.”

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way to combine the restraint of the East with the liberties of the West, avoiding the extremes of both."

Securing the Homeland

MARK THOMPSON'S OVERVIEW OF THE need for a domestic military commander to protect American territory, "Soldier on the Beat" [HOMELAND SECURITY, Dec. 3], looks at the issue through a Pentagon-centric lens. The nation already has an armed service that conducts war and enforces the law: the U.S. Coast Guard. The Coast Guard has strong and comprehensive law-enforcement mandates, as strong as the FBI's. In recognition of the Coast Guard's unique status and capabilities, the Joint Forces Command and the Navy view the Coast Guard as responsible for the maritime component of homeland security.

BRUCE STUBBS
CAPTAIN, U.S. COAST GUARD (RET.)
Fairfax Station, Va.

"WHY HIDE THE NUMBERS?", YOUR STORY on the political reaction to the roundup of immigrants suspected of being connected to the Sept. 11 attacks, truly amazes me. Why are the very politicians who claim to be as concerned about safety and justice as the average citizen so quick to question the way in which our government is going about it? It seems that Senators Orrin Hatch and Patrick Leahy have completely forgotten that the immigrants being held are under suspicion because they have broken laws. Sept. 11 was a devastating blow. And while we are forced to acclimate to a new way of life, I can't help hoping it includes a more stringent immigration system.

JENNIFER KIRBY
Elmwood Park, N.J.

LET'S SEE NOW, FIRST WE ARE APPALLED that our government allowed terrorists to enter the country and wage war against us. Now opponents of the Administration are indignant that the Justice Department has actually gone so far as to arrest and jail foreign visitors to our country whose visas have expired or who have broken other laws. Am I the only person who does not understand this?

JOHN J. THORNTON
Tampa, Fla.

Getting Back on Track

CONGRATULATIONS TO DANIEL EISENBERG for a strong, balanced piece on Amtrak and its future [BUSINESS, Dec. 3]. Break-

ing up Amtrak only to reinvent it would be a mistake. The intercity rail system is one of the few institutions that unites our country, in a physical as well as spiritual sense, by connecting the small towns and cities of the West and South to the populous coastal and Midwest corridors. Splitting those people off from service, as some would propose, is deeply elitist, and would cast into Depression-era isolation the very people who in so many ways are the backbone of this country.

JAMES REPASS
PRESIDENT AND CEO
THE NATIONAL CORRIDORS INITIATIVE
Providence, R.I.

IT IS BEYOND ME WHY AMERICA HAS turned its back on regional rail service. However, high-speed rail is not the only answer to this transportation problem. High-speed rail systems appear to work quite well in West European nations and Japan—smaller, highly populated countries with limited superhighways. In the U.S., high-speed rail service doesn't really apply to the needs of most large cities. In many metropolitan areas, a decent and reliable passenger rail service would help alleviate the overcrowding of the interstate highway system. This is the wrong time to kill Amtrak because of federal budget cuts.

CHRIS J. LEWIE
Hilliard, Ohio

Aid for Impoverished Minds

I CERTAINLY AGREE WITH MICHAEL ELIOTT, that we must listen to the stories of Islam's poor and give a large measure of

TIME'S EXTENDED FAMILY

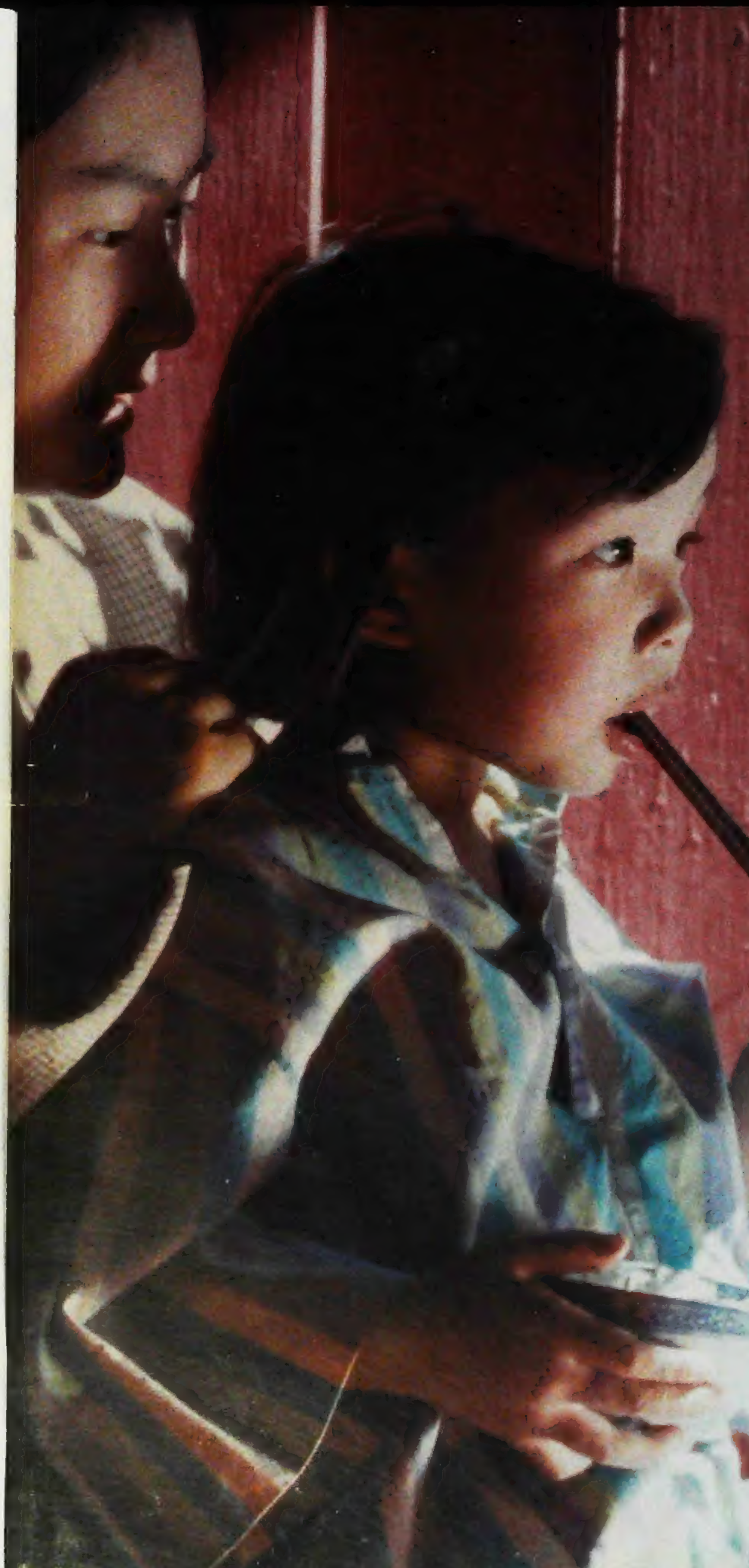
TIME.com Who do you think should be TIME's Person of the Year? Go to time.com to nominate your choice.

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TIME FOR KIDS covers the latest news in an age-appropriate fashion. The website at timeforkids.com offers resources for parents and teachers. The World Report is for students in grades

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Biotechnology
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"golden" rice.

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"When mothers and their children eat an adequate amount of vitamin A in a daily meal, it could help alleviate more suffering and illness than any single medicine has done."

The excitement expressed by plant biologist Charles Arntzen reflects the golden opportunity that many see in a new strain of rice being developed with biotechnology. "Golden" rice contains increased amounts of beta-carotene, a source of vitamin A. Because rice is a crop eaten by almost half the world, golden rice could help relieve a global vitamin A deficiency that now causes blindness and infection in millions of the world's children.

Discoveries in biotechnology, from medicine to agriculture, are helping doctors treat our sick, farmers protect our crops—and could help mothers nourish our children, and keep them healthier. To learn more about biotechnology and agriculture, visit our Web site or call us.

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- Promotes proper spine alignment
- Helps relieve back pain, insomnia... even arthritis



Originally developed by the Space program researchers to increase the comfort of astronauts during flight, visco-elastic foam represents a quantum leap in bedding technology. The open-celled construction of Memory Foam creates a mattress with a memory. It automatically senses your body weight and temperature, and then it responds by molding to your body's exact shape and position. This distributes your weight and reduces stress on your body's pressure points: the shoulders, hips and legs. This can revitalize your old mattress and make sleeping comfortable again. Now, thanks to improved manufacturing techniques, this revolutionary material is more affordable than ever.

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generosity to Afghanistan and other Muslim countries [ESSAY, Dec. 3]. But we must not let ourselves be lulled into thinking that aid alone will change feelings toward us in the Islamic world. It is not America's reaction to the atrocities of Sept. 11 that will inspire a generation of young Muslims to commit themselves to armed struggle against the West; it is the hateful preaching by the teachers of those young Muslims. We must bring the Age of Enlightenment to the Muslim world and propagandize in direct opposition to what the imams and school-teachers are pumping into the heads of that younger generation.

RICHARD BRAWER
Ocean, N.J.

Elemental Transformations

I SAW MARY ZIMMERMAN'S DREAMLIKE production of *Metamorphoses* nearly two years ago at Berkeley Repertory Theater [THEATER, Dec. 3]. When I saw this production, I regretted my wasted youth for not having devoted my entire life to the stage. It moved me to tears: some for the tragedies played out so beautifully, and the rest out of joy and gratitude that Zimmerman allowed me to experience this gracious summation of humankind in such a stirring and elemental form.

MARY BETH PATTERSON
Mountain View, Calif.

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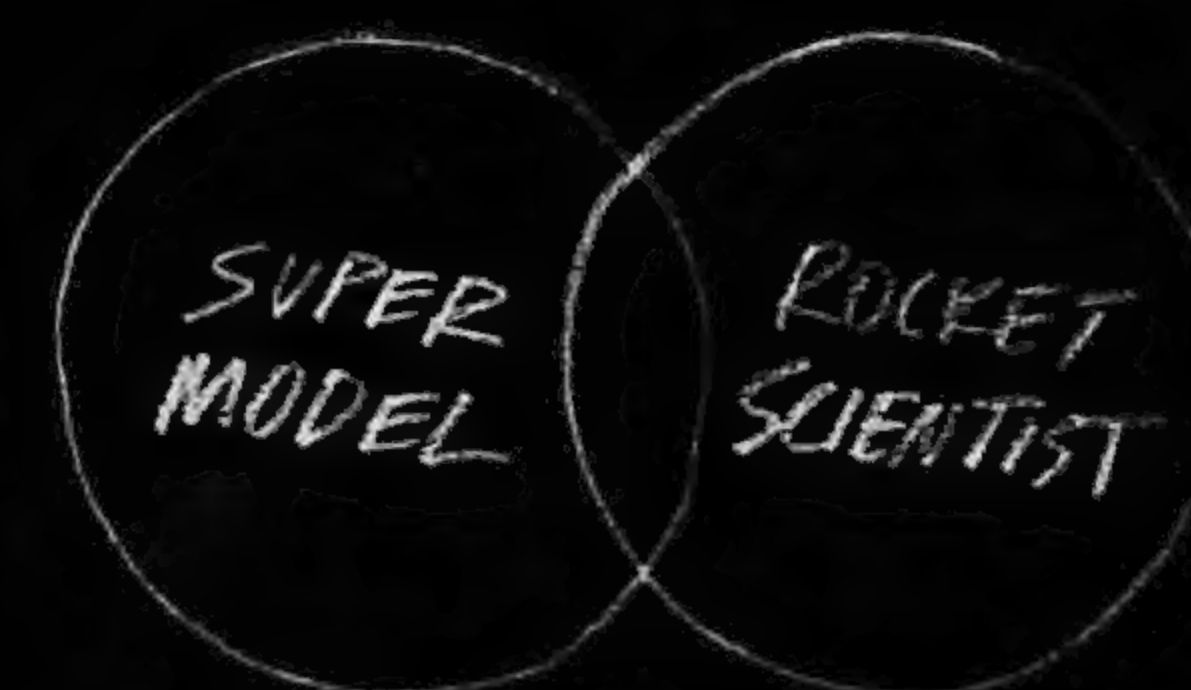
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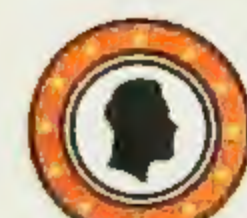
generation d.

NOTEBOOK



MOVING IN After helping oust the Taliban from its last urban stronghold in Afghanistan, U.S. Army special-forces soldiers drive through the streets of Kandahar on their way to interim Prime Minister Hamid Karzai's compound, bringing a touch of home along with them.

After the ABM Treaty, More Trouble Ahead



HEADS OF STATE

PRESIDENT BUSH'S announcement on Thursday that the U.S. will withdraw from the 1972 Antiballistic Missile Treaty in six months caused surprisingly few ripples. But that may not last. Russian President Vladimir Putin's response was relatively mild, partly because the Administration had smoothed the way beforehand. Secretary of State Colin Powell informed Russian Foreign Minister Igor Ivanov

two weeks ago of the impending move. Powell then held a series of meetings designed to soften the blow by focusing attention on another deal that both sides committed to last month: mutual cuts in offensive nuclear weapons. Putin stressed Thursday that he wanted the deal in writing, "a legal seal on the achieved agreements on further radical, irreversible and verifiable cuts."

The U.S. is planning to sign the deal when Bush travels to Moscow in the spring, senior Administration officials say. But the Administration is preparing an important hedge in the agreement: the ceiling proposed on offensive missiles won't be

binding. Hard-liners in the Administration want a free hand to rebuild their nuclear stockpile if and when they please. "We don't want to be limited by treaty from going up," says a senior Administration official. The Russians apparently are still under the impression that the signed document will make the nuclear cuts binding. "The Russians may think it will be," says the senior official, "but it won't." No telling whether the Administration can smooth that one over. —By Massimo Calabresi





Arney, colleagues say, felt marginalized by DeLay, left

marginalized in his behind-the-scenes power struggle with majority whip (and fellow Texan) Tom DeLay, and has been edged aside in the day-to-day House operation by Speaker Denny Hastert, who is more engaged than predecessor Newt Gingrich.

DeLay is almost sure to get Arney's job. But his effort to consolidate his power in the House may run into resistance. DeLay, who engineered the ascension of his deputy Hastert to Speaker in 1998, wants his current deputy, Roy Blunt of Missouri, to succeed him as whip. Some House Republicans are balking at giving the hard-line DeLay so large a power base. At least seven other Republicans are considering a run for the No. 3 spot. "People really like Blunt," says a key G.O.P. strategist, "but this isn't about him." —By Karen Tumulty

Arney Halted; DeLay Marches On

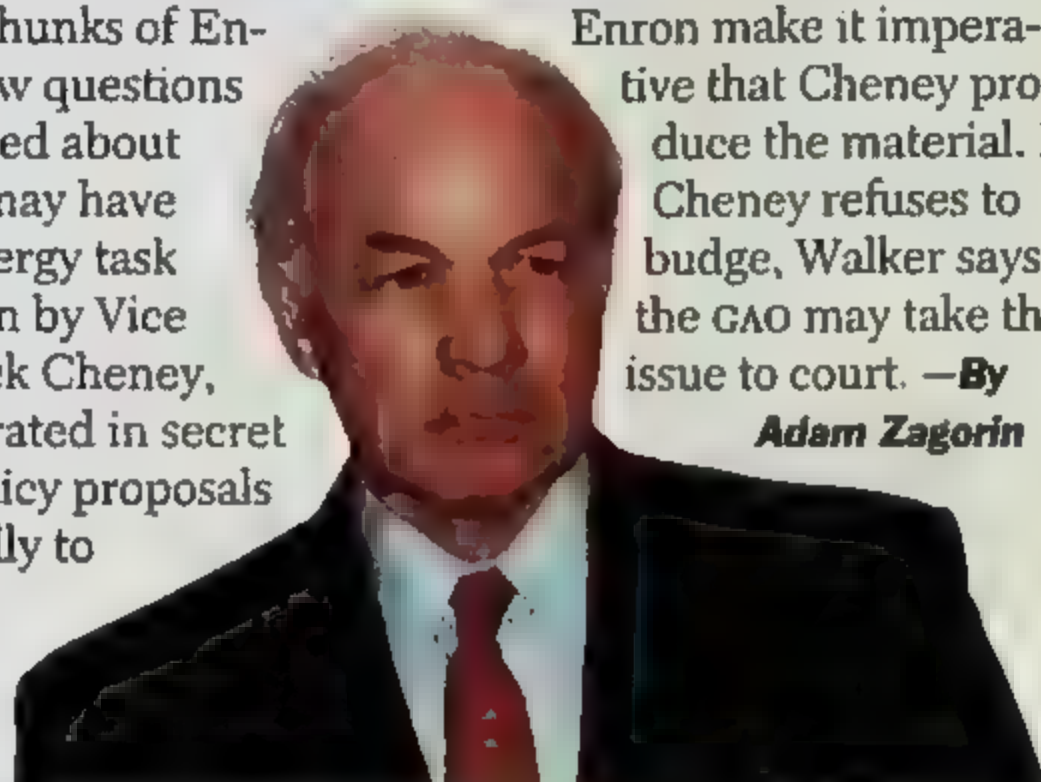


HOUSE MAJORITY leader Dick Arney's announcement last week that he will retire came as a surprise to most of his colleagues. But it has been clear to those around him that Arney hasn't been having much fun. The conservative Republican was beaten down and

An Enron Link to Energy Policy?

REVERBERATIONS FROM the \$60 billion collapse of energy giant Enron are spreading to the White House. Enron CEO Kenneth Lay, Bush's biggest donor, has many ties to Bush officials. Economic adviser Lawrence Lindsey and trade negotiator Robert Zoellick were once on the Enron payroll, and others, like political adviser Karl Rove, held sizable chunks of Enron stock. Now questions are being raised about the role Lay may have had in the energy task force overseen by Vice President Dick Cheney, which deliberated in secret and made policy proposals seen as friendly to industry.

Enron CEO Kenneth Lay



Representative Henry Waxman, a California Democrat, has just written Cheney to ask whether his panel was "influenced by unreliable data or opinions provided by Enron." Meanwhile, the General Accounting Office, a nonpartisan investigative arm of Congress, is pressing its long-standing (and so far denied) request for task-force records. Comptroller General David Walker, who runs the GAO, tells TIME that pending energy legislation and congressional inquiries into

Enron make it imperative that Cheney produce the material. If Cheney refuses to budge, Walker says, the GAO may take the issue to court. —By Adam Zagorin

SCHOOL DEBATE

Yale President Richard Levin doesn't like **EARLY ADMISSIONS**, the policy of letting high school seniors apply to one college early, usually by November. "It pushes the pressure of thinking about college back into the junior year of high school," he told the *New York Times*. There are **BENEFITS**: students, for example, can lock up a favorite school early and have a stress-free last semester of high school. Most elite-college presidents aren't ready to junk the practice. "Everybody is worried about the **PRESSURE ON STUDENTS** in high school," says Stanford's John Hennessy, "but we're not sure whether removing early admissions would make it better or worse."

Afflicted by War

A GOVERNMENT REPORT LAST week revealed that Gulf War veterans are nearly twice as likely to develop Lou Gehrig's disease as other military personnel. The numbers are tiny—only 40 to 80 Gulf War veterans have the fatal disease, also known as amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, or ALS—but the preliminary study (released by Anthony Principi, the new Secretary of Veterans Affairs) has a much broader significance. It's the first federal study to suggest that Gulf War service is linked with brain disease. A researcher who saw vindication in the report is Texas epidemiologist Dr. Robert Haley; he has

been studying Gulf War veterans for eight years, hoping to pin down the cause of a syndrome that left them chronically fatigued, nauseated, anxious and depressed. He says his findings—that some veterans

suffered brain damage from exposure to toxic chemicals on the battlefield—were routinely denounced by the VA and the Department of Defense.

Haley credits Principi with showing "courage and compas-

sion" in releasing the report and "separating himself from a 10-year effort to stonewall." Haley estimates that 20,000 to 100,000 vets show brain damage linked to their Gulf War service, and he says, "The VA and Defense, which have not come to grips with this, will now have to examine the Gulf War syndrome." Responds VA spokesman Jim Benson: "I don't think either the DOD or the VA is in denial about the health of the veterans. Hopefully, this is the kind of result that will help focus the research and start getting us some other answers."

—By Cathy Booth Thomas



Gulf War syndrome sufferer Christopher McHugh and his wife



I'm still standing.

Want strong bones?
Drinking enough
lowfat milk
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NOTEBOOK



Clean Enough to Wash Your Hands

GLOBAL WARMING MOVED another notch up the worry scale last week when the National Academy of Sciences reported that human pollution might not just be causing a

gradual rise in the earth's temperature but could also lead to "large, abrupt, and unwelcome" climate change. So it was a particularly good week for DaimlerChrysler to introduce a new fuel-efficient minivan called the Natrium. It runs on a common compound called sodium borohydride. A chemi-

The Natrium emits no carbon dioxide

cal reaction inside the engine produces hydrogen to power the car's fuel cell, leaving behind not carbon dioxide (the primary culprit in global warming) but borax, a standard ingredient in many household soaps.

Sure, it's clean, but can you get fries with it? Last month the U.S. government began fueling certain military vehicles and post office trucks with

"biodiesel," an alternative to diesel fuel derived from vegetable oil. The fuel, which can reduce greenhouse emissions in diesel cars by as much as 78%, is nontoxic and can be made from surplus soybeans or leftover oil from the fryers of fast-food restaurants.

—By Andrew Goldstein

Steaming Through the Embargo

A large crack in the U.S. economic embargo against Cuba will open this week as the first commercial shipments of U.S. food in 38 years are due to arrive in Havana. After Hurricane Michelle ravaged Cuba last month, compounding the island's steep drop in tourism revenues after Sept. 11, Castro refused relief aid from Washington, his archenemy. But the communist dictator did agree to pay \$30 million in cash for grain, poultry and vegetable oil from U.S. companies like ADM and Cargill—something he had vowed earlier he would never do. Under pressure from U.S. business and farmers, Congress last year loosened the economic embargo against Cuba, in force since 1962, by allowing commercial sales of food and medicine, as long

as Castro pays up front in cash. Castro had rejected that condition as an insult, even though importing goods from the nearby U.S. is far cheaper than buying from Europe or Asia. His turnabout has Washington wondering just how badly Cuba's threadbare economy is suffering. Says a U.S. official: "Castro is just paying for the free aid we offered so he can save political face."

The food shipments will also give strength to the moderates in both Cuba and the U.S. who are seeking an end to the cold war standoff between the two nations. Castro's decision to buy the food—which aides insist is a one-time emergency move—will boost the growing influence of Cuba's economic liberalizers. And the fact that a U.S. commercial shipment is actually headed for Havana—a move hard-line Cuban-American leaders have bitterly fought—further erodes the embargo's flagging support.

—By Tim Padgett



VERBATIM

“They were overjoyed when the first plane hit the building, so I said to them, ‘Be patient.’”

OSAMA BIN LADEN,
speaking on tape of the
reaction of al-Qaeda members
to the attacks on the U.S.

“I couldn’t imagine somebody like Osama bin Laden understanding the joy of Hanukkah or the joy of Christmas.”

GEORGE W. BUSH,
after releasing the videotape

“All this is a forgery, a fabrication.”

**MOHAMED AL-AMIR
AL-SAYED AWAD ATTA,**
father of hijacker Mohamed
Atta, speaking of the tape

“Chairman Arafat has made himself irrelevant as far as Israel is concerned.”

**ISRAELI SECURITY
CABINET,**
breaking diplomatic links

“One day I tell myself, ‘Screw everything, I’m eating fried chicken three nights in a row.’ The next day, I think, ‘Wait a minute! Life goes on, people will get wiser, justice will prevail. Maybe I should watch my diet.’”

BARBRA STREISAND,
on the effects of Sept. 11

“It was just in the air. It was impossible to not be involved.”

SARA JANE OLSON,
convicted former member of
the Symbionese Liberation
Army, on the group’s allure

Sources: AP (3); New York Times (2); USA Today

WARNER BROS. PICTURES



A Touch of Home for the Holidays

IN A WAR THAT HAS BOOSTED THE NATION'S PATRIOTIC spirit, it's no wonder that U.S. troops overseas will be getting special attention this Christmas. Thanks to the Internet, people can send e-mail messages to service members (anyservicemember.navy.mil). Plenty of stars are also pitching in, among them George Clooney and the cast of **OCEAN'S ELEVEN**, who appeared at the film premiere on a military base in Turkey. Here are some other ways Americans are taking the holiday spirit to the troops. —By Heather Won Tesoriero

▼ **FREE DVD PLAYERS AND MOVIES** Blockbuster is sending DVD players and scores of films to the troops. U.S.S. *Theodore Roosevelt* captain Richard O'Hanlon requested new releases, so the troops will be watching *Shrek* and *Spy Kids*



▲ **CIRCUIT CITY MESSAGE** People can tape 30-sec. video messages for the troops at participating Circuit City stores. Some greetings will air on CBS

► **J. LO & CO.** Jennifer Lopez, Kid Rock and Ja Rule will perform in an MTV-sponsored concert; the date and place are being kept secret for security reasons



▲ **JAY LENO** Bob Hope couldn't make it, so the man who wants to succeed him as America's Comic will entertain the troops during the holiday season. His wife Mavis has already been out front on Afghan women's rights

PHONE CARDS

Through the efforts of AT&T, Wal-Mart and the U.S.O., shoppers can donate phone cards to the troops, either at Wal-Mart stores or at walmart.com



Q+A Bill Maher

The host of ABC's *Politically Incorrect* drew fire after Sept. 11 for saying the U.S. bombing of Afghanistan was cowardly, and the suicide terrorists were not. He talked about it with TIME:

Q. Do you regret saying it?

A. No. For my audience, who wants the unvarnished skinny, it was not a problem. Only people who don't watch the show and heard about it second- and third-hand had a problem.

Q. How did it feel to come under attack?

A. What bothered me most is that on military matters I've always been very hawkish. So for people who never knew anything about me to suddenly paint me like "Hanoi Jane" bothered me.



Q. What's wrong with being politically correct?

A. In a sense, we are all victims of the most successful society ever. Society has become effete and soft as a result. Therefore, sensitivity—feelings, not wanting to experience any kind of pain—has become inflated. I have always defined political correctness as the elevation of sensitivity over truth.

Q. Who is the toughest guest you have ever had?

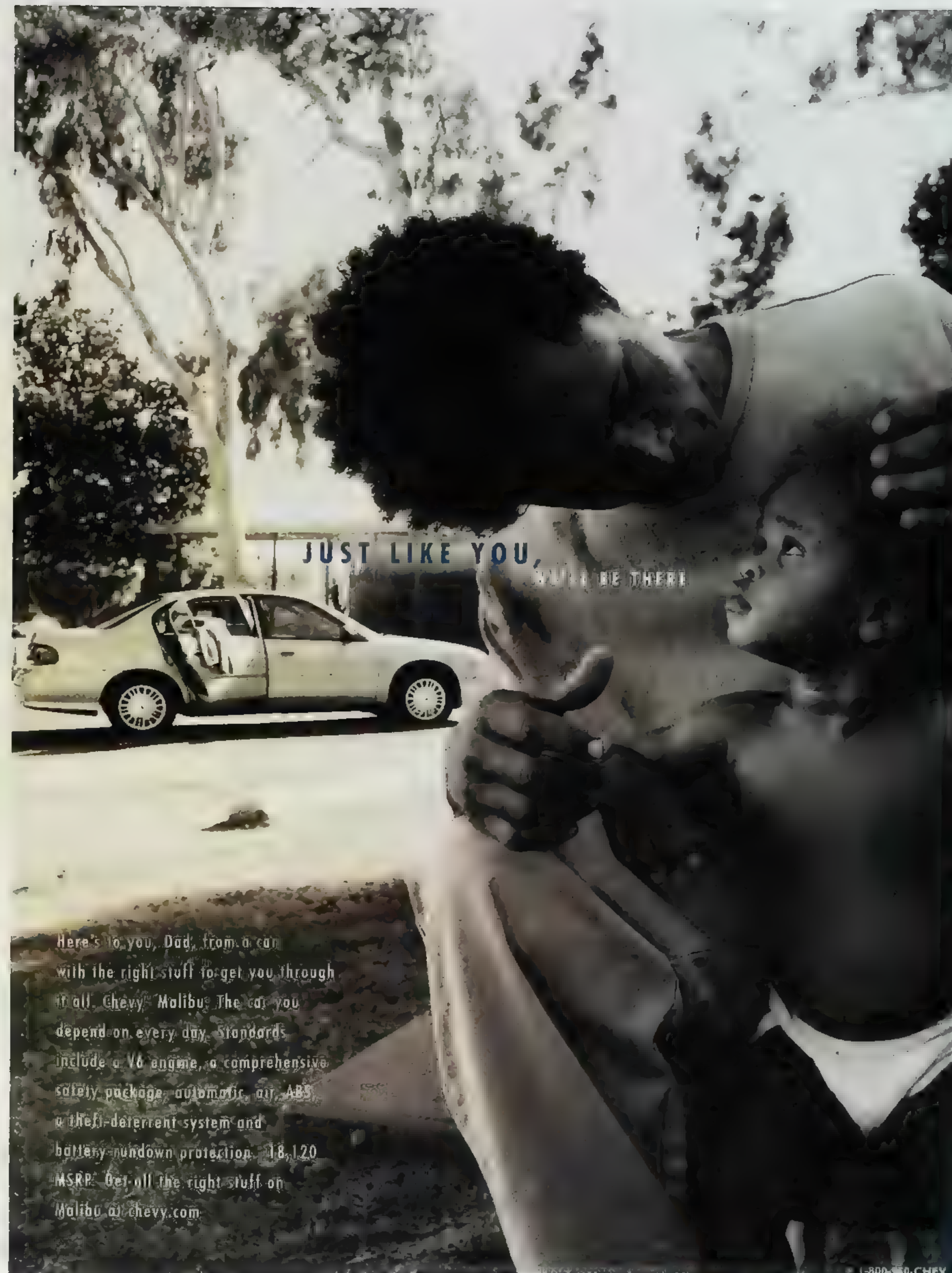
A. The ones who don't talk. Once in a while I get someone who seems to feel they just have a really good seat for the show, like floor seats at the Lakers game.

Q. Is the show still fun to do?

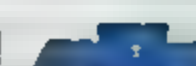
A. More fun than ever. And I feel more appreciated than ever. If my detractors only knew what a hero they made me, they probably never would have done it.

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BETH A. NEWBORN—AP



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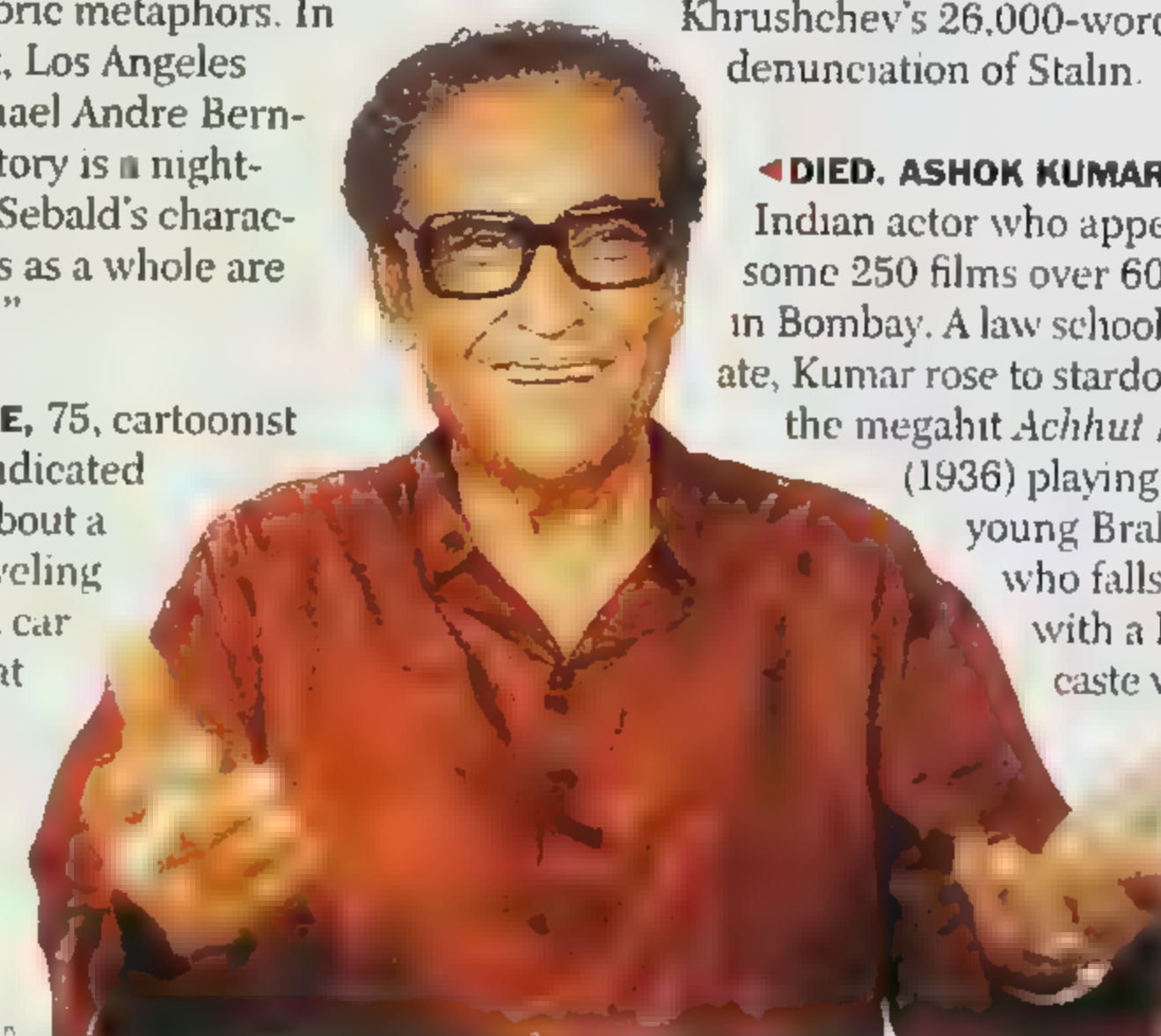
MILESTONES



RESIGNED. GEORGE O'LEARY, 55, head coach at the University of Notre Dame, just five days after taking the job; in Notre Dame, Ind. Hired to revive the university's storied team, which has failed to finish in the Top 10 nationally since 1993, O'Leary quit after he was found to have falsified his résumé. Among other things, his biography touted him as a letter-winning football player at the University of New Hampshire, where, in fact, he never played a game.

DIED. W.G. SEBALD, 57, German-born writer and literary critic; in a car accident; in Norwich, England. The author of such novels as *The Emigrants* and the just published *Austerlitz*, about a boy raised by Christians during World War II who later discovers that he is Jewish, Sebald wove intricate, shifting narratives often described as historic metaphors. In praising his work, Los Angeles *Times* critic Michael Andre Bernstein wrote, "History is a nightmare into which Sebald's characters and his books as a whole are trying to awaken."

DIED. DAVE GRAUE, 75, cartoonist who drew the syndicated strip *Alley Oop*, about a cheerful time-traveling Neanderthal, in a car accident, near Flat Rock, N.C. Graue attended high school with the daughter of V.T. Hamlin, who launched *Alley*



Oop in 1933 and turned the strip over to Graue when he retired in 1973.

DIED. DON TENNANT, 79, advertising jack-of-all-trades who helped create Tony the Tiger, Kellogg's venerable Frosted Flakes pitchman; of heart failure; in Los Angeles. Tennant worked for 20 years at Chicago's Leo Burnett agency, serving as copywriter, artist, TV-commercial director, jingle writer and creative director. Among his creations: the catchy Pillsbury slogan "Nothin' says lovin' like somethin' from the oven."

DIED. DAVID ASTOR, 89, liberal editor, from 1948 to 1975, of the *Observer*, his family's Sunday paper and Britain's oldest; in London. He used the paper to champion his friend Nelson Mandela, condemn Britain's attempt to take the Suez Canal from Egypt, and print, without advertisements, Nikita Khrushchev's 26,000-word denunciation of Stalin.

DIED. ASHOK KUMAR, 90, Indian actor who appeared in some 250 films over 60 years; in Bombay. A law school graduate, Kumar rose to stardom in the megahit *Achhut Kanya* (1936) playing a young Brahmin who falls in love with a low-caste woman.

56 Years Ago in TIME

The hunt for another evildoer, **ADOLF HITLER**, ended on April 30, 1945, when the increasingly unstable Nazi leader took his own life in Berlin:

Fate knocked at the door last week for Europe's two fascist dictators. Mussolini, shot in the back and through the head by his partisan executioners, lay dead in Milan. Adolf Hitler had been buried, dead or alive, in the rubble of his collapsing Third Reich... If he were indeed dead, the hope of most of mankind had been realized. For seldom had so many millions of people hoped so implacably for the death of one man.

If they had been as malign as he in their vengefulness, they might better have hoped that



he would live on yet a little while. For no death they could devise for him could be as cruel as must have been Hitler's eleventh-hour thoughts on the completeness of his failure. His total war against non-German mankind was ending in total defeat... Seldom in human history, never in modern times, had a man so insignificantly monstrous become the absolute head of a great nation. The suffering and desolation that he wrought were beyond human power or fortitude to compute. The bodies of his victims were heaped across Europe from Stalingrad to London. The ruin in terms of human life was forever incalculable. It had required a coalition of the whole world to destroy the power his political inspiration had contrived. —**TIME**, May 7, 1945

FOR THE RECORD



3,030 Number of people missing or dead in the World Trade Center attacks as of Dec. 14, according to New York City officials

1 People charged thus far with conspiracy in the attacks, after last week's indictment of Zacarias Moussaoui

30 Percentage drop in bonuses handed out by Wall Street firms from 2000 to 2001, the first drop since 1998

33 Estimated percentage of total Wall Street salaries made up of bonuses



435,000 Copies sold last year of the J.R.R. Tolkien fantasy classic *The Hobbit*

1.6 million Copies of *The Hobbit* sold this year—the most since its 1937 publication—in advance of the film opening this week of *The Fellowship of the Ring*, the first in Tolkien's 1950s *Lord of the Rings* trilogy

77 Percentage of Americans who approve of detaining noncitizen terrorism suspects indefinitely if necessary

33 Percentage of Americans currently "very concerned" about losing some of their civil rights

Sources: The Book of Lists; U.S. Census Bureau; official estimates; FBI; Reuters; British Broadcasting Corporation; CBS; Newsweek

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TIME

HUNTING PARTY
Anti-Taliban
fighters take cover
from incoming
gunfire as U.S.
bombers go to work

Photograph for TIME
by James Nachtwey—VII

THE WAR

PAYBACK TIME

by Nancy Gibbs

It's one thing

to expect someone to die; it's another to look forward to that day, not secretly, guiltily, but openly, eagerly, a morbid jubilee. Osama bin Laden's casually pitiless confession, released by the Pentagon just as U.S. forces seemed to have him cornered, meant that at the moment that his death appeared more certain it also seemed all the more just. People who reject the death penalty, who teach their children not to use the word hate, who believe in balancing justice with mercy, who prize due process—people, in other words, unaccustomed to bloodlust—now watch the daisy cutters shave the White Mountains bald and see the smoke curl and await the news that the monster in the cave has claimed his last human sacrifice.

It's one thing to prepare to die in glory, another to face death in total defeat. As he prepared to make his last stand, did bin Laden still rejoice in his victory, confident that God would smile on his achievement? Back in November when he sat in front of the camera with the servile Saudi sheik to giggle and gloat over triumphs beyond his fondest hopes, he confessed to only one miscalculation: he had thought that only the tops of the skyscrapers would collapse, killing hundreds. What a lovely surprise—the answer to a prayer, his disciples suggested—that the buildings actually crumpled, killing thousands. He had succeeded even beyond his dreams.

And since then, so has America. "When people see a strong horse and a weak horse," he observed, "by nature they will like the strong horse." Here he was indeed prophetic: the mistake was in not knowing which mount was which. In the month since he savored his triumph, the army of Taliban faithful has collapsed. If the scouts are right, he has had to flee to the deepest recess of a Tora Bora cave. His prediction of inflamed and inspired Muslims flocking to his cause was refuted by the quiet of the Arab streets and the murmur of clerics who denounced his acts. The superpower that was supposed to cringe and flail instead sent its best warriors to search and destroy.

The quarry cornered, the pack came in for the kill.



Predator drones hovered like great mechanical vultures over the border, hunting for anyone trying to escape. Orange fireballs bounced through the valleys of the White Mountains. Navy SEALs and Green Berets massed on the ground, shawls wrapped around their heads, lasers in hand, guiding the B-1s and B-52s overhead. Snipers capable of putting a slug into a dime from more than a mile away waited for the call. Afghan Alliance commanders may have been willing to negotiate a surrender, but the U.S. special forces were there to get a job done.

If he was wrong about us and wrong about the for-

titude of his own allies, was bin Laden wrong as well about his own prospects? It seemed hard to imagine that a man so rich and cunning, however confident that when he died others would take his place, would not have made arrangements to put that day off as long as possible. Martyrdom may have its appeal in the abstract, but as the eagerly surrendering Taliban revealed, the reality is less appealing. "We're chasing a person," President Bush said Friday, "who encourages young people to go kill themselves, and he, himself, refuses to stand and fight." The rumors of bin Laden's escape into Pakistan persisted last week, in part on pure

assumption that he must have had a contingency plan. Unless he never believed it would come to this.

It was cold satisfaction to think of him entombed in a crushed mountain, just as his victims were three months ago. But Tora Bora is not likely to become a sacred shrine of Islam, and his caves will not be the holiest place in Afghanistan. It is the World Trade Center site that has become hallowed ground and the secular values of a free nation that inspired the unity, charity and victory he imagined. It was not just his army that was routed, but his dreams. He made his tape; now we are making ours.



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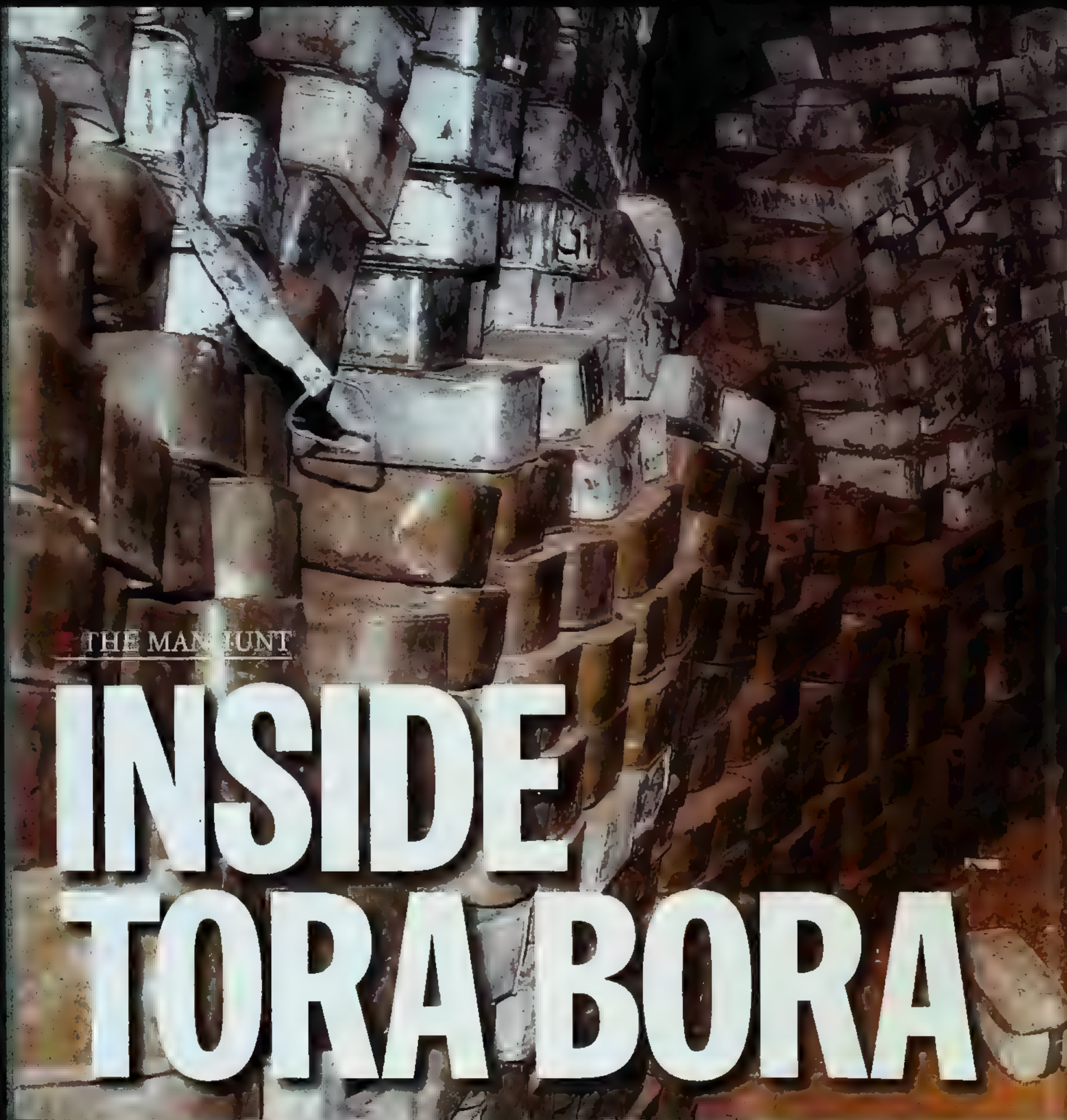
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THE MAMMONT

INSIDE TORA BORA



Alliance fighters warily enter an al-Qaeda cave near Tora Bora

Osama bin Laden's forces make a last stand in the White Mountains. Now U.S. special-operations troops aim to bring the fighting to a close

By JOSH TYRANGIEL

THE 12 BEARDED SOLDIERS MAKING THEIR way up a pass in the White Mountains of Tora Bora were decked out in flat-topped Afghan caps and flowing *shalwar kameezes*. From a distance only one detail gave them away as Americans. Afghan alliance fighters—dedicated but largely untrained—walk upright, making themselves easy targets for enemy fire. The Americans were shimmying up the hill on their bellies.

Late last week American special operations forces quietly made their way to Tora Bora, to the very front of the front lines. The dozen U.S. soldiers used a translator to coordinate with an Afghan commander. To the Afghan fighters at their side, the Americans made it clear they were on a search-and-destroy mission. "We and the Americans had the same goal," said Khawri, an Afghan who was shoulder-to-shoulder with U.S. troops. "To kill all the al-Qaeda people." By Sunday, the Afghans were claiming victory, though the U.S. remained guarded.

EUREKA An alliance soldier examines an abandoned mountain cave full of ammunition

■ THE MANHUNT

The war in Afghanistan began nine weeks ago on a battlefield the size of Texas, and it may end in a high, narrow valley smaller than the city of Austin. After weeks of playing Where's Osama?, military officials believe they have overheard bin Laden on handheld radio in the White Mountains, giving orders to his dwindling al-Qaeda forces. Afghan fighters said they had killed 200 and routed al-Qaeda but the U.S. said too many nooks had yet to be searched. If bin Laden is in Tora Bora, he and his soldiers are trapped in a box: snow-covered peaks loom on two sides, Afghan and American soldiers await on a third, and Pakistani border patrols stand guard on the fourth.

The cornered fighters have little room to maneuver. With no enemy anti-aircraft fire, U.S. spy planes circle the sky, daring al-Qaeda fighters to step out of their caves and become glowing infrared targets. Few have done so. Bin Laden has resorted to giving orders on shortwave radio, U.S. authorities suggest, because there's no one else left to do so.

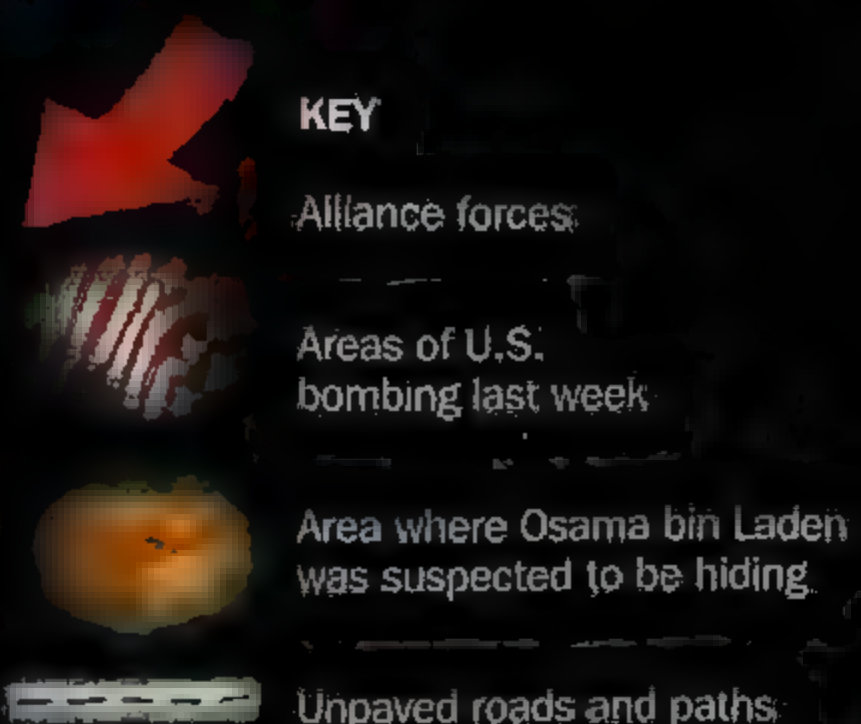
But inevitability almost slipped away last week. The three Afghan warlords in control of alliance forces began the week with a successful assault on the Milawa Valley, the lone entrance to Tora Bora from the north. Al-Qaeda soldiers fled quickly, though they did manage to kill a few alliance troops. Having taken the territory, the warlords committed a major tactical error: they withdrew from the valley. When alliance forces returned the next day, they were greeted by three al-Qaeda fighters armed with machine guns who opened fire from 200 meters. No alliance soldiers were killed, but the morning was spent fighting a battle for territory that had already been won.

The follies had only just begun. As al-Qaeda fighters scampered up the mountains in search of safe haven, one of the warlords, Haji Zaman, agreed to a cease-fire without bothering to consult the other two Afghan commanders or the U.S. Zaman claims the Arab-speaking fighters reached him via wireless and offered to surrender on the condition that they be turned over to the United Nations. "They said they had to get in contact with each other and would surrender group by group," Zaman says. He then announced the cease-fire, halted his

◀ EYE ON THE SKY: U.S. fighter jets bomb the last al-Qaeda stronghold as an Afghan soldier watches from below

CORNERED

The last pockets of al-Qaeda forces—and perhaps Osama bin Laden himself—remained holed up in the mountains of Tora Bora last week. It was al-Qaeda's final stand against advancing alliance forces and U.S. special ops. From the air, U.S. planes blasted the mountain caves hoping either to bury or unearth the holdouts and bin Laden.



ON THE GROUND Aided by U.S. special forces, Alliance fighters, armed with Kalashnikovs, rocket-propelled grenades and a few tanks, have advanced over the treacherous terrain from the north and fought pitched battles against al-Qaeda forces, capturing caves and taking prisoners

PINNING DOWN OSAMA

One Eastern Alliance group claimed to be closing in on a cave in the mountains of Tora Bora that held bin Laden. A barrage of allied bombing ensued. U.S. officials, though, insisted they didn't know bin Laden's exact whereabouts, and some reports even claimed he had escaped into Pakistan weeks ago.

AIR STRIKES In an all-out air assault, both short- and long-range bombers, including F-18s, F-14s, B-52s and B-1s, have been targeting underground cave complexes and above ground al-Qaeda forces with laser-guided bunker busters, earth-penetrating JDAMs and several BLU-82s—the 15,000-lb. bombs known as “daisy cutters”





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THE MANHUNT

troops' advance and gave the opposition until 8 a.m. to give themselves up.

Zaman's fellow Afghan commanders were outraged, while U.S. officials appeared shocked. The Americans did not object to an al-Qaeda surrender, but any surrender had to be unconditional. As for the cease-fire, Air Force General Richard Myers, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, simply ignored it. "Just for the record," said Myers, "our military mission remains to destroy the al-Qaeda and the Taliban networks. So our operation from the air and the

ground will continue until our mission is accomplished."

The U.S. ignored the cease-fire and bombed relentlessly. Sure enough, the next day, the surrendering al-Qaeda troops had vanished. Zaman's aides insist that they were probably "confused" when the U.S. broke the cease-fire and scampered back into their holes. But other Afghan leaders thought Zaman had been duped. "It was a trick," said Haji Zahir, one of the warlords commanding Afghan troops in Tora Bora. "They were buying time."

The arrival of Western troops at the front lines had the added advantage of giving the Afghan fighters new resolve.

During previous weeks, the Afghans withdrew from their positions during the day in time to break their Ramadan fasts at dusk. With the end—and the Americans—in sight, they held their positions.

From the start of the war, the U.S. has relied heavily on Afghan ground forces rather than deploy a sizable contingent of American troops. But the cease-fire screw-up was a reminder that the Afghans might be useful proxies for some jobs but were perhaps not quite professional enough to finish this one. On Sunday Zaman managed to get back into the U.S.'s good graces—and back into the race for the \$25 million bounty on bin Laden's head—as he ferried Western

commandos to the front. By then, U.S. warplanes were pounding al-Qaeda positions with hundreds of bombs and missiles, and more than 100 U.S. and British special-ops soldiers had moved in, signaling to the Afghans and al-Qaeda that the time for mistakes was over.

"AL-QAEDA IS FINISHED," CROWED AFGHAN commander Hazrat Ali from his battlefield perch below the caves on Friday afternoon. "They are surrounded." American military leaders were more cautious. "Surrounded" probably is not a terribly good word," said General Tommy R. Franks, the regional commander of American forces. "But the view of the op-

position leaders on the ground is that this al-Qaeda force is contained in that area."

If a hole is to be found in the tightening alliance net, it will most likely be somewhere along the 1,510-mile Pakistani border. Earlier in the week rumors swirled that bin Laden had been successfully smuggled across, although radio intercepts and the ferocity of fighting in Tora Bora suggested that al-Qaeda was defending more than just snow-covered rock. The Pakistani government, having seen the devastation bin Laden's presence caused in Afghanistan and having been swayed by the promise of \$1 billion in new U.S. aid, insists it is guarding against the possibility of border crossings.

Arabs, Macedonians and Turks have recently been arrested trying to cross from Afghanistan into Pakistan, and even some Pakistani extremists were not allowed back into the country until they surrendered their weapons. "We have made it impossible for bin Laden to enter our country," said Pakistan Interior Minister Moinuddin Haider. Even so, on Saturday there were reports that 50 Arab al-Qaeda fighters had traversed the border in a mule train. Neither technology nor vigilance can secure a border that spans impossibly remote mountain trails.

Forty miles east of Tora Bora lies Pakistan's Tirah Valley, a semiautonomous tribal belt only nominally under govern-



PRIORITIES:
A Muslim soldier takes a moment to say his prayers near the Tora Bora front line

TIME OUT:
Weary alliance soldiers rest in an al-Qaeda shelter that they captured last week

SPECTATORS:
Alliance fighters watch as U.S. planes bomb al-Qaeda troops making a last stand in their cave hideouts



THE MANHUNT

ment control. In the late 19th century the British established the area around and including the Tirah Valley as a buffer zone between Afghanistan and British India. The Pakistani government has never had an official presence there, and many of the tribesmen who rule Tirah are deeply conservative supporters of the Taliban and Osama bin Laden. But of late, Pakistani military helicopters have been buzzing over the frontier while soldiers patrol on

foot. State-run Pakistan Television has broadcast pictures of locals eagerly assisting soldiers as they arrived, but those who know the valley believe they will not take kindly to an armed presence. Given local sympathies, if bin Laden could make it there, he might be well protected.

Of course, \$25 million is a lot of money, especially in the Tirah Valley. It's more than enough to sway convictions. And as alliance forces creep up the mountains and Western special-ops troops take their technology and firepower to each and every cave, bin Laden's choices are getting

as narrow as his chances of escaping. "This is a man on the run, a man with a big price on his head," says Deputy Defense Secretary Paul Wolfowitz. "He has to wake up every day and decide, 'Do I keep all the security around me, which I need to make sure that some Afghan bounty hunters don't turn me in but which help to give a lot of reports about my whereabouts, or do I go into hiding?' He doesn't have a lot of good options." He also doesn't have a lot of time. —Reported by Hannah Bloch/Islamabad, Matt Forney/Tora Bora and Mark Thompson/Washington

ON THE FRONT LINE

A Trip Inside bin Laden's Caves

By MATTHEW FORNEY
TORA BORA

Haji Zahir is one of three local commanders intent on winning the \$25 million bounty on Osama bin Laden. Accompanying Zahir's fighters on their hunt, I rummaged through what was probably the last of bin Laden's training camps in Afghanistan. It was in the Milawa Valley section of Tora Bora, in the shadow of the majestic White Mountains. Just below it lie a series of man-made caves stuffed with arms and weapons, while above it is a ridge with more caves where bin Laden was thought to be hiding.

Strewn across the terraced slopes that climb the valley were torn strips of Arabic training manuals, bits of a Chinese-Arabic dictionary, some shreds of clothing, a set of parallel exercise bars and a shooting target printed by the National Rifle Association. Trees blown from the earth lay with their roots twisted into clumps like charred driftwood. Bomb craters 50 ft. across and 20 ft. deep were filled with rubble and crossbeams. That the caves still existed was a wonder. They had been bombarded for days. Yet clearly anybody who had taken refuge inside the caves would have

An anti-Taliban fighter takes a break in a bunker once occupied by al-Qaeda troops

survived the sorties.

The caves weren't five-star accommodations with internal hydroelectric power plants and brick-lined walls—the kind sometimes imagined in the computer-generated images of the press. Such commodious quarters might exist higher in the White Mountains, but the ones I saw were simply rough bunkers.

Bin Laden, his wives and 13 children first moved to this part of Afghanistan in 1996, after being thrown out of Sudan. The network of man-made caves, which the Russians had found impenetrable during their

disastrous occupation of Afghanistan, was the perfect place to wage war but a rotten place to raise a family. There were no "facilities," bin Laden complained to his host, the warlord of the nearby city of Jalalabad. Bin Laden later moved into a compound in Jalalabad that had internal plumbing.

Still, the caves are a remarkable refuge. I entered my first one by walking through a narrow 20-ft. passage chiseled into a 60° mountain slope—the effect was of walking through a deep cavern open to the sky. I stepped over two rows of sandbags that blocked the

passage and came to a 3-ft. opening. I ducked into the mouth and dared go no farther. Not even Haji Zahir's fighters would follow, and several were making boom noises and gesturing about flying body parts. Everybody expected booby traps or mines.

After my eyes adjusted to the darkness, I saw a chamber of about 8 sq. ft., high enough for a tall man to stand. The floor was dirt and rubble, but there were signs of habitation. I saw two empty white boxes decorated with palm trees and the words "Sherjah Dates." Scattered on the floor were a few green metal boxes of ammunition with Russian writing on them. Another cave next to it was about the same size and filled with ammunition—mostly rocket-propelled grenades and bullets for Kalashnikovs.

Having taken the territory, Haji Zahir's men withdrew from the valley, leaving several of their own dead. But that night the al-Qaeda fighters sneaked back and slipped written messages into the stiff hands of the corpses. A commander named Anatullah found them a day later as his men carried the bodies out on woven beds. "We are Muslims, you are Muslims," he recalls the words on the notes. "Don't fight us. We are waiting for American troops to attack, and then you will see who wins."



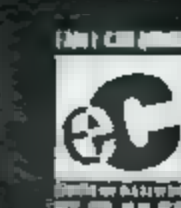
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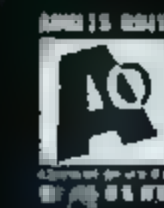
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THE SPOILS

What They Left Behind

A tour of Omar's palace and Osama's lair

By TIM MCGIRK KANDAHAR

THE MAN ASLEEP IN MULLAH MOHAMMED Omar's bed in Kandahar had a machine gun next to him, but I decided to wake him anyway. Was he dreaming of the spiritual leader of the Taliban, now turned fugitive? A growl came back in reply. "I'm too tired to dream," he said before covering his head with a wool blanket. I glanced around the room. The bed is small, considering that Omar has three wives. He fled as soon as the U.S. started bombing Kandahar—leaving behind a few mementos: a poster of the Medina mosque, some syrupy medicine, and the word Allah painted in gold and black on glass, framed and hanging above the bed. The house is decorated with plastic bedroom chandeliers and sentimental frescoes of waterfalls. It doesn't quite fit the urbane tastes of Hamid Karzai, Afghanistan's interim Prime Minister. "You should see the place," Karzai had said, rolling his eyes. But Karzai well knows the importance of destroying the myth of Omar, the one-eyed visionary who conversed with the Prophet in his dreams. That's why a common sentry snoozes in Omar's bed.

The other legend being dismantled is Osama bin Laden's. He lived in a fortress the locals called the Wolves' Frontier, set up near Kandahar airport. Defended to the death by his fighters, it was pounded by U.S. bombs. Its remains mix domesticity and terror: kids' swing sets, a deep bunker, four stallions and a wheat field where bin Laden experimented with American grains to find one suited to the parched Afghan desert. From his two-story office he could watch trainees grunting their way under barbed wire. It's all debris now, along with dented tea trays and broken dolls. And a few cruel parting gifts: last week a Pakistani journalist kicked a boot in the ruin, and a mine hidden underneath blew off his leg and most of his face.

Photographs for TIME by Patrick Aventurier



RUBBLE Omar's bunker, above, had several entrances; his mansion had the rare luxury of running water

WOLVES' DEN In the remains of bin Laden's camp, below, are unworked and expensive lapises



REST AND RECREATION Still dusty with war, anti-Taliban fighters, above, lounge about in Mullah Omar's bedroom

HIDDEN PASSAGE A view inside one of the tunnels, left, that was part of the one-eyed mullah's bunker complex

PARADISE LOST A damaged fresco at Omar's palace, right; the interior also features plastic bedroom chandeliers



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THE BIN LADEN TAPE

“We calculated in advance the number of casualties from the enemy...”

By MICHAEL ELLIOTT

IT WAS ONE OF THOSE MOMENTS when you forget all the trash for which television has been responsible, and give thanks for a technology that pumps words and images into a billion living rooms. By now the world knows what Osama bin Laden looks like, and most of its inhabitants, perhaps, decided long ago what they thought of him. But with a quick nod to those who remain convinced that the whole performance was a fake, there's no substitute for the real thing. The videotape shown last week of bin Laden, his colleagues and a visitor from Saudi Arabia discussing, with evident pleasure, the attacks of Sept. 11 provided a peek into the world of terrorism of a kind

that can be matched by no other form of reporting.

Everyone saw the same tape, but each saw it in a different way. Experts on terrorism scrutinized the video for what it might tell them about the structure, methods and support of al-Qaeda. For most viewers in the Western world, some of its themes were perplexing—the importance attached to dreams, the thanks and praise to Allah, whose name was repeated about as often as a teenager says “cool” in a typical conversation. In the Islamic world, by contrast, the central mystery of the tape had little to do with its content and more with the process by which it had been made public. Why had the Americans produced it now? And so the tape became the perfect example of a wider truth: technologies like television may have shrunk the

world, but they have not given it a common understanding.

Speaking the day after the tape was broadcast, President George W. Bush said he had wrestled with whether to release it at all. Bush first saw the tape toward the end of November and discussed its message with Karen Hughes, his counselor. The President was nervous about its effect on the families of victims, some of whom, when they heard of its existence, argued that it should be kept under wraps. But Bush said he thought the tape amounted to a “devastating declaration of guilt”—and to all but the most blinkered of viewers, it does. Bin Laden boasts of a detailed prior knowledge of the Sept. 11 attacks. Talking in a relaxed fashion with a Saudi visitor whose identity was a matter of some debate, he discusses the team that

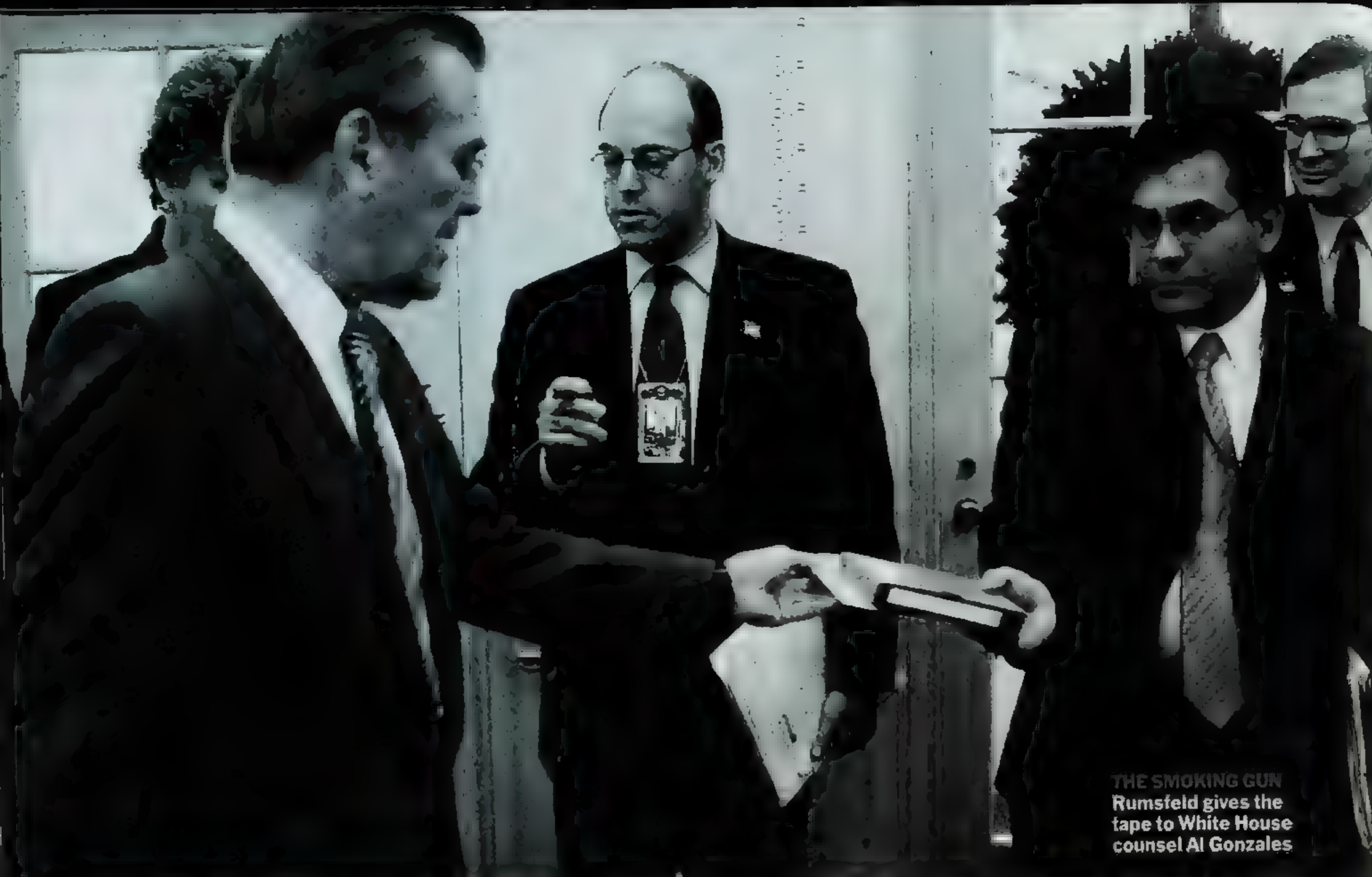
PHOTOS FROM AP, AFP AND REUTERS



“... we did not reveal the operation to them until they are there and just before they boarded the planes ... One group of people did not know the other group.”

“They were overjoyed when the first plane hit the building, so I said to them, Be patient.”

“Due to my experience in this field, I was thinking that the fire from the gas in the plane would melt the iron structure of the building and collapse the area where the plane hit and all the floors above it only. This is all that we had hoped for.”



THE BIN LADEN TAPE

pulled off the hijacks, the moment he was told of the day the attacks would take place, and his estimates of the likely effects of the crashed planes on the World Trade Center. For Bush, this self-incrimination was worth the renewed pain it might cause those who lost loved ones. So more than two weeks after the tape was discovered, it found its audience.

According to U.S. intelligence sources, the tape was found in late November in a house in Jalalabad after forces opposed to the Taliban moved in. The recording passed through several hands before ending up with CIA officers in the region. Back in the U.S., officials of several federal agencies used facial- and voice-recognition technology to confirm that the central character was indeed bin Laden. Officers at the CIA's "bin Laden station," which has been poring over the wealth of documents, artifacts and computer files found in al-Qaeda compounds in Afghanistan, then had to satisfy themselves that the recording had not been doctored. And Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld insisted on a thorough translation—vetted by outside experts—before the tape was released. Officials also checked the recording for coded signals to al-Qaeda cells. "It doesn't

appear that it was designed for that purpose," says a senior intelligence official.

So what was the tape's purpose? Professional bin Laden watchers—the sort who know how to read a loosely knotted turban—shrug off the conspiracy theorists who maintain that the recording must have had some mysterious ulterior motive. This was the Hindu Kush version of "What I did on my vacation." Magnus Ranstorp, an al-Qaeda expert at the University of St. Andrews in Scotland, speculates that the visiting Saudi wanted to immortalize his meeting with bin Laden and was planning to keep the tape private. Mustafa Alani, a Middle East security scholar at London's Royal United Services Institute for Defense Studies, says, "It was not the first time there has been a private video of bin Laden. They record these sort of things." Possibly it was intended for a small audience of true believers. Roland Jacquard, a leading French expert on terrorism, thinks the footage might have been intended for later editing into a propaganda tape, many such tapes are collector's items in the world of terrorist sympathizers.

Those meant to see it must have been delighted at the tape's atmospherics—the air of relaxed enjoyment, the camaraderie and kissing, the excited praise by the Saudi visitor ("A plane crashing into a

tall building was out of anyone's imagination. This was a great job"). Bin Laden seemed on top of the world. Abdul Bari Atwan, editor of the London-based newspaper *al-Quds al-Arabi*, has interviewed the al-Qaeda leader and noticed a change in the man he had met five years ago. "I was watching his body language," says Atwan, "and he is in a joyful, very happy mood. He rarely smiles, but here you see him smiling all the time." Acolytes will also have reveled in the tape's recounting of dreams—no fewer than eight are mentioned. Jacquard says fundamentalists "believe that dreams are inspired by the Prophet, and that the subconscious is the state through which Allah instructs the faithful." To dream of the Sept. 11 attacks, says Jacquard, would suggest that they were "inspired by God, and therefore a legitimate, even holy, act."

For analysts of terrorism, the tape held rich pickings. Bin Laden confirmed what has been suspected by law-enforcement officials: that there was a clear hierarchy among the Sept. 11 hijackers and that they operated under a strict need-to-know code. Though all those who died knew they were engaged in a "martyrdom operation," said bin Laden, most of them were ignorant of the precise target of their mission until the morning it took place. Alani says,

CHRISTOPHER MORRIS—VII FOR TIME

"The degree of secrecy they established was unbelievable. Only five or six people had a full picture of the whole operation." (They did not include bin Laden's "spokesman," the Kuwaiti Sulaiman Abu Ghaith, who—in a glimpse into the everyday life of a terrorist—turns out to be a soccer fan.) St. Andrews' Ranstorp thinks the tape suggests that the Sept. 11 attacks fit into a classic al-Qaeda pattern: an operation is conceived in the field (in this case, by Mohamed Atta, who is thought to have piloted American Airlines Flight 11, the first plane to hit the Twin Towers), then referred back to the leadership in Afghanistan for approval.

In the Islamic world, the tape's effect was muted. It may help those—such as President Hosni Mubarak of Egypt and King Abdullah II of Jordan—who would like to argue that the war in Afghanistan is being waged against terrorists, not against Islam. But the tape was released on the eve of Eid ul-Fitr, a major holiday marking the end of Ramadan, when Arabs tend to family festivities rather than the news. Besides, the hot political issue in the past few weeks has been not the war in Afghan-

istan but the renewed violence between Israel and the Palestinians.

Some of those who bothered to watch muttered about body doubles and voice manipulation, but most newspapers and TV stations in the Middle East played the story straight, accepting that the tape was authentic. That doesn't mean it will change the minds of those who oppose the war. "I don't believe it will have a huge impact on the Muslim world," says Atwan, the editor of *al-Quds*. "It's too late. It's like accusing somebody of murder and executing him, and then saying 'Now we found the evidence.'" For Atwan and many other commentators, the point is not bin Laden's responsibility for attacks like those of Sept. 11; that is a given. It is, rather, the actions the U.S. took to visit justice on the terrorists. "I want the U.S. to behave as a civilized superpower," says Atwan. "To take revenge, to send these bombers to kill innocent people, isn't justified."

Victory justifies a lot, but experts on al-Qaeda warn that winning the war will not eliminate the organization. For Jacquard, a central significance of the tape was the overt support offered to al-Qaeda by a net-

work of radical and militant Saudi clergy; bin Laden and his guest mention four other clerics approvingly. "That kind of sympathy with Islamic militancy and rationalization of terror," says Jacquard, "has become common in Saudi Arabia and the gulf states." Ranstorp thinks the poem bin Laden recited—"Our homes are flooded with blood... we will not stop our raids/ Until you free our lands"—could mean that a new wave of attacks on the U.S. will be launched after Afghanistan has been pacified. "One of the worrying things," he says, "is that we will be lulled into a false sense of security."

In the fight against terrorism, caution is a virtue. Still, a month ago, bin Laden could spend a happy hour chatting with friends in the comfort of a well-appointed house. By the time the tape of that event was shown to the world, he was—in all likelihood—hidden in a cave, being bombed by American planes. On the tape, bin Laden said, "Over weeping sounds now/ We hear the beats of drums." They beat for him.

—With reporting by James Carney and Douglas Waller/Washington, Bruce Crumley/Paris, Helen Gibson/London and Scott MacLeod/Cairo

BIN LADEN'S COHORT

The Shadowy Visitor

The man who sat to bin Laden's left on the infamous videotape was not to be outdone in his fulsome praise of his host. He complimented bin Laden for the "great job" of organizing the Sept. 11 attacks. He regaled bin Laden with dreams and prophecies presaging such an act and said it most certainly had Allah's blessing. But there is no such certainty about the identity of bin Laden's mysterious guest. He was first identified by Saudi officials as Sheikh al-Ghamdi, a militant Saudi cleric and former professor of Islamic theology known for making firebrand anti-Western speeches. Later, senior Saudi officials said the guest was Khaled al-Harbi, a legless veteran of combat in Afghanistan, Bosnia and Chechnya, according to the New York Times and U.S. officials. In the video, the shadowy guest relays the prayers and support of several

militant Saudi clerics, which suggested to some that he was a religious figure himself. The guest tells bin Laden that the terrorist is a hero to these clerics. The Times reported that al-Harbi has not been known to be on any security watch list and left Saudi Arabia

ten days after the Sept. 11 attacks. "Clearly even the Saudi government is having trouble keeping track," said a U.S. intelligence official. Some officials speculated that the guest may have had a less spiritual and more practical purpose to his mission: supplying bin Laden with cash for the war in Afghanistan. Whether he is a cleric or a fighter, his presence is an embarrassment for the Saudi

monarchy, which has long sought to portray bin Laden as an outcast without religious followers in the kingdom. Intelligence officials say that pinpointing the guest's identity and his relationship to bin Laden could yield valuable clues to al-Qaeda's worldwide network as well as its influence inside Saudi Arabia. —By Daren Fonda. Reported by Scott MacLeod/Cairo and Douglas Waller/Washington



CAN AL-QAEDA FIND A NEW NEST?

To do their worst, terrorists need a sanctuary. The next order of battle is to deny them one

By JOHANNA MCGEARY

AFGHANISTAN WAS SUCH A COZY home base for al-Qaeda. The network enjoyed luxuries like its own air-shuttle service, using the national airline Ariana to ship terrorist cargo and personnel, including Osama bin Laden's bodyguards and their families, between Afghanistan and the Persian Gulf or East Africa. Sometimes al-Qaeda agents would even slip in and out of other countries disguised as Ariana flight attendants, according to aviation sources.

To the men who ran al-Qaeda, the rugged, war-torn wasteland of Afghanistan was a kind of paradise. Under the benevolent tolerance of the Taliban, the bosses of international terrorism found just the kind of sanctuary they needed to recruit, train and plot their deadly attacks. But by last week any members of al-Qaeda who had escaped U.S. daisy-cutter bombs and Afghan bounty hunters were on the lam and in desperate search for a new base. Besides such fugitives, there are an unknown number of operatives safely lodged in secret cells scattered from the hinterlands of Yemen to the jungles of the Philippines to the suburban streets of America. Now, as the terrorists struggle to keep operations running and Washington moves from hunting down bin Laden to rooting out his worldwide acolytes, the next order of battle for the U.S. will be to make sure no other country offers them the kind of vital sanctuary they enjoyed in Afghanistan.

Even terrorists need a headquarters. The people who command and control the network—even one with task forces and affiliates as loose and decentralized as

al-Qaeda's—can't operate effectively for long without a communications and finance center. Most of all, they have got to have training camps where they can indoctrinate suicide attackers, explosives experts, document forgers and dedicated jihadis to replenish the terrorist ranks. Every successful mission, after all, depletes the pool.

Whatever new leadership emerges in al-Qaeda will be seeking a similar kind of place for a new home base—a secure, isolated location with a sympathetic local population and a weak central government. But it will not be easy this time. Under pressure from the U.S. or out of fear they might be targeted next, the usual suspects when it comes to sponsoring terrorism (e.g., Sudan, Libya) are moving to clean up their act and countries that often turn a blind eye to terrorist groups in their midst (e.g., Yemen, Pakistan) are starting to crack down.

The U.S. campaign to deny al-Qaeda a second life elsewhere in the world counts mainly on diplomacy, intelligence and law enforcement. Military sources tell *TIME* that the Pentagon has asked regional commanders to draw up plans for throttling an array of militants from the Middle East to Africa to Asia. But the basic idea is to push friendly nations and those worried about self-preservation to take out terrorist hubs. Already, Pentagon officials tell *TIME*, 100 U.S. special-ops commandos will deploy to train Philippine soldiers in counterterrorism and close-quarter battle tactics against the Abu Sayyaf insurgents who have ties to al-Qaeda. The U.S. military advisers won't engage in combat but will set up an "intelligence fusion center" to help clamp down on terrorist activities. "It's one of

FAILED STATE: Somalia's armed gangs offer a haven to terrorists

SOMALIA

▲AL-QAEDA CONNECTION: The U.S. says homegrown Islamic militants called Unity of Islam are linked to bin Laden. Al-Qaeda has long claimed it masterminded the Mogadishu ambush that killed 18 U.S. soldiers in 1993

WELCOME OR NOT? There's no central government to speak of, and competing warlords can be bought. But Somalis tend to be suspicious of foreigners and would be unable to resist the price on al-Qaeda heads

U.S. POLICY: Intelligence agents dropped by last week as a warning: we're watching you, be careful. If Washington needs to strike again, Somalia is a vulnerable target



INDIA blames Pakistan terrorists for the attack on Parliament

PAKISTAN

▲AL-QAEDA CONNECTION: It's just over the border. The frontier provinces, where Islamabad's authority is limited, are full of Islamic sympathizers

WELCOME OR NOT? India believes Kashmir jihadis covertly backed by Pakistan are the perpetrators of the attack on India, which means that Islamabad will come under increasing pressure to stop sponsoring terror

U.S. POLICY: Musharraf ditched the Taliban to side with the U.S. and expects a big payoff. Washington's nightmare is an Islamist coup that would put Pakistan's nuclear weapons into terrorist hands

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TERRORISM

the areas that have to get cleaned up," says a U.S. intelligence official. So where might al-Qaeda look for a safe spot to reconstitute its executive branch?

PAKISTAN: Right next door to Afghanistan is one of the most dangerous and unsettling spots the terrorists could choose. President Pervez Musharraf, having thrown his lot in with Washington, is under keen pressure to bottle up fleeing al-Qaeda men. His government has made valiant efforts lately to seal the long, porous border. But once fugitives from Afghanistan make it across, they will find broad pockets of sympathy throughout the provinces of Baluchistan and the North-West Frontier. In those semi-autonomous tribal areas, Islamabad's authority has been limited, though army presence has been beefed up recently.

The terrorist assault on India's Parlia-

ment last week, in which the five attackers and seven Indians were killed, exposed just how complex and politically delicate it will be to control the terrorist net in Pakistan. The government has long armed and approved jihadis in Kashmir, though it admits only to providing diplomatic and moral support. The jihadis are considered freedom fighters by Pakistan but employ what India refers to as "cross-border terrorism" in their drive to expel India from the territory that Pakistan also claims. After Sept. 11, the Pakistani intelligence service sent signals to the Kashmir saboteurs to cool it. Yet India believes one of the three main radical groups almost certainly dispatched the suicide gunmen last week on their brazen assault

against the center of India's democracy. Pakistan may now have to confront its sponsorship of groups that employ terrorist tactics in Kashmir. Ditching the Taliban was simple in comparison. Meanwhile, elements of al-Qaeda could move in under cover of these groups—or worse yet, try to find a friendly home there by joining forces with Pakistan's hard-line religious parties to overthrow Musharraf and install an Islamic regime. Pakistan's nuclear arsenal alone makes that an alluring goal. For his survival, Musharraf will have to get Pakistan out of the terrorism business.

SOMALIA: The failed state in the Horn of Africa looks tailor-made for a hangout for al-Qaeda. The country has no central government to speak of. Like Afghanistan, it's divided into fiefdoms presided over by competing clan leaders and warlords whose temporary loyalties can readily be bought. Muslim by faith, most Somalis are impoverished nomads who move between

dropped into western Somalia to talk with local warlords and Ethiopian military officers eager to subdue any Islamist threat to their country. Some analysts called the visit a scouting trip to pick out possible terrorist targets. Pentagon officials have been talking up the presence of al-Qaeda cells there, and if Washington feels a need to strike somewhere else, Somalia is an uncontroversial military and political target. But regional experts said the presence of U.S. intelligence agents was meant as a warning: we're watching you; we can readily get in and get out, be careful.

Inside Somalia, locals doubt the terrorists are heading their way. Somalis tend to gossip too much for foreigners to feel secure, and few Somalis could resist the price on the heads of al-Qaeda leaders. "We would hand them over and claim the money to pay our men," says Mogadishu chief of police Hassan Awaale. "We have enough problems of our own without more [from them]."

MINALED FAZAA—AFP

YEMEN

AL-QAEDA CONNECTION: Bin Laden's ancestral homeland served as a longtime refuge for his facilitators in the mountains outside government control and as the base for the U.S.S. *Cole* attack

WELCOME OR NOT? Sympathetic *mujahedin* from the Afghan war against the Soviet Union riddle the army and bureaucracy. But since Sept. 11, the President has been showing "helpful new energy" in quelling terrorists

U.S. POLICY: After the *Cole* attack, U.S. intelligence and FBI agents pressed for cooperation. It didn't come until Yemeni officials sized up the post-September risks of courting American displeasure

Dark address: Weapons shops like this one long made the hinterlands a terrorists' haven



ment last week, in which the five attackers and seven Indians were killed, exposed just how complex and politically delicate it will be to control the terrorist net in Pakistan. The government has long armed and approved jihadis in Kashmir, though it admits only to providing diplomatic and moral support. The jihadis are considered freedom fighters by Pakistan but employ what India refers to as "cross-border terrorism" in their drive to expel India from the territory that Pakistan also claims. After Sept. 11, the Pakistani intelligence service sent signals to the Kashmir saboteurs to cool it. Yet India believes one of the three main radical groups almost certainly dispatched the suicide gunmen last week on their brazen assault

temporary huts. And Somalia has a home-grown militant group called al-Itihaad al-Islamiya (Unity of Islam) that the U.S. says is linked to al-Qaeda. The group was once host to a few training camps near the Kenyan border and in the semiautonomous northeastern area known as Puntland.

Washington took the possibility that al-Qaeda could regroup in Somalia seriously enough to start patrolling the sea lanes a month ago. Forces from an allied flotilla stop and search 30 to 40 ships a day to make sure no fugitive terrorists are sneaking across. Naval vessels that can intercept communications hover in the Arabian Sea to cut off al-Qaeda messages and disrupt possible supply shipments.

Last week five American officials

U.N. officials, Western diplomats and aid workers agree that al-Itihaad training camps of the '90s don't exist anymore and that the group was destroyed as a military force after Ethiopian forces entered Somalia and overran the group in 1997.

YEMEN: It's bin Laden's ancestral land and long a hideout for terrorists, who can gather comfortably in the mountainous hinterlands well beyond the government's control. Plenty of former *mujahedin* who came home from the anti-Soviet Afghan war took up the bandit life and now abet Islamic radicals, and al-Qaeda sympathizers are in the army and bureaucracy. Al-Qaeda operatives arrested for bombing the U.S.S. *Cole* in 2000 received false documents from a former *mujahedin* fighter

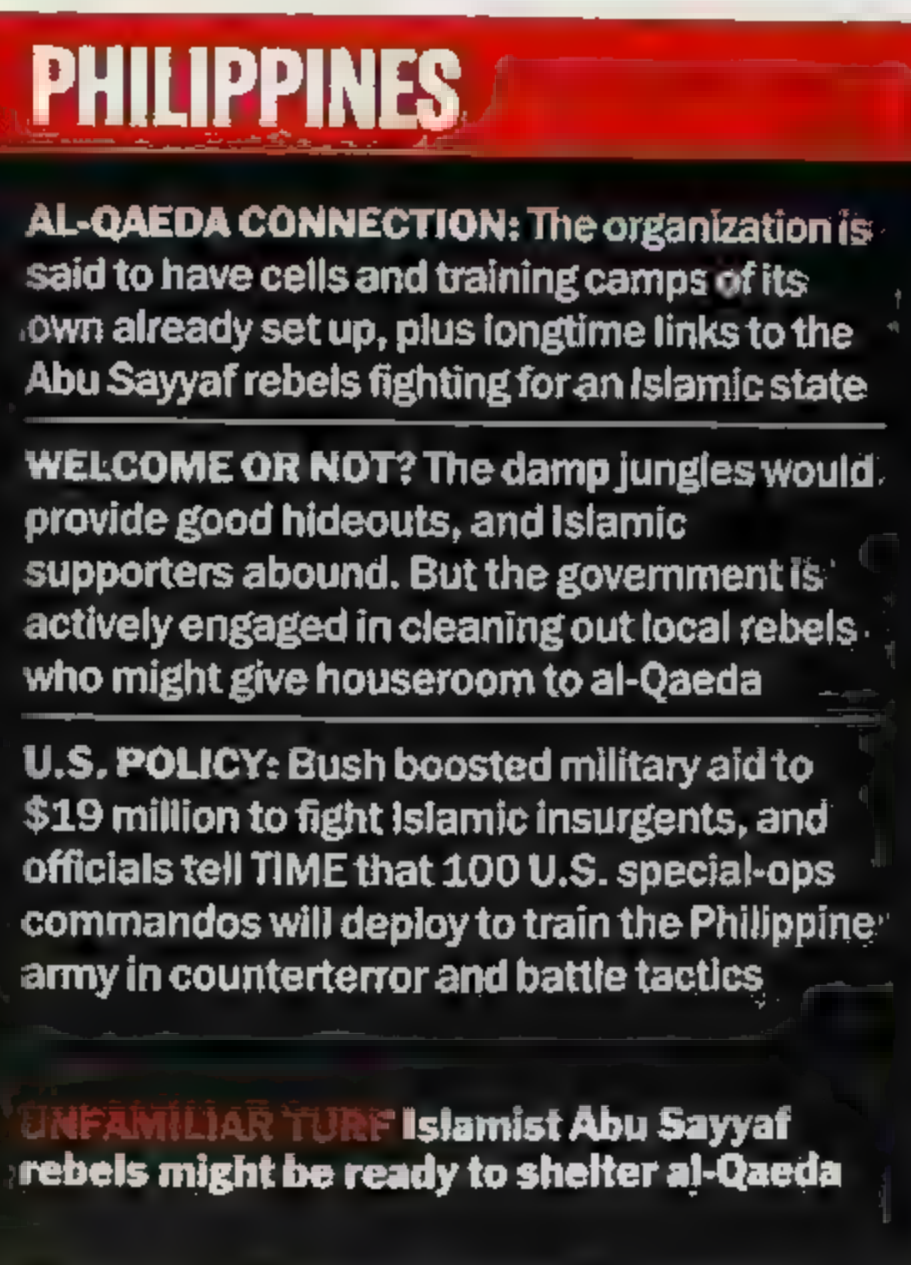
PHILIPPINES

AL-QAEDA CONNECTION: The organization is said to have cells and training camps of its own already set up, plus longtime links to the Abu Sayyaf rebels fighting for an Islamic state

WELCOME OR NOT? The damp jungles would provide good hideouts, and Islamic supporters abound. But the government is actively engaged in cleaning out local rebels who might give housework to al-Qaeda

U.S. POLICY: Bush boosted military aid to \$19 million to fight Islamic insurgents, and officials tell *TIME* that 100 U.S. special-ops commandos will deploy to train the Philippine army in counterterror and battle tactics

UNFAMILIAR TURF: Islamist Abu Sayyaf rebels might be ready to shelter al-Qaeda



silenced, at least 100 former Afghan Arabs were arrested and the honey shops named by Washington as fronts for al-Qaeda financing were shuttered.

SUDAN: If Khartoum still needed telling, the fierce American campaign in Afghanistan served up a sobering reminder. The country's previous involvement with bin Laden brought on cruise-missile strikes in 1998, and there's no eagerness to repeat that experience. Six years on the State Department's terrorist list taught Sudan the economic cost of getting cozy with terrorists. The Islamic regime does remain suspect for nurturing extremism. Its diplomats were allegedly involved this year in a plot dreamed up by an al-Qaeda agent

working for the Yemeni government. The country, says a senior Western diplomat in the capital of Sana'a, "is an important node for terrorist groups." Al-Qaeda agents ran free as facilitators to move people, supply documents and look after finances until the *Cole* attack proved they also had operational capabilities.

That brought the U.S. down on Yemen's neck, as intelligence and FBI officials crowded in to investigate. It got more difficult for al-Qaeda men to go underground as the spooks threw big money around to put bandit lords on their payroll. Washington still complained bitterly that Yemen was not cooperating fully, but things changed after Sept. 11. The Yemeni government sized up the new risks in courting American displeasure, and President Ali Abdullah Saleh went to Washington last month showing "helpful new energy" in pursuing terrorists. Yemen began to share the intelligence Washington had begged for. Radical preachers were

connected to the *Cole* and East African embassy attacks—to bomb the U.S. embassy in India. But the Sudanese government claims its tolerance for that stuff is over, since Islamic militant Hassan al-Turabi, formerly the guiding light of the National Islamic Front government, fell from favor and was arrested last year. Enticed by U.S. promises of aid and a rethinking of Sudan's appearance on the terrorist list, and pushed hard by Egypt, Sudan began rescinding its support for terrorism a year ago. Its cooperation against the Islamists jumped noticeably after the Twin Towers fell, as terrorist suspects were detained or expelled. A few weeks ago, Sudan began handing Washington rich files from the



Counterterrorism officials know destroying the Afghan command center will not necessarily disrupt al-Qaeda's operations, even if every one of the 50 countries where its spores have spread prevents "the base" from securing a new haven. Bin Laden trained 11,000 terrorists at his Afghan camps, and most of those alumni fanned out to other countries. Key lieutenants, like Abu Zubaydah, bin Laden's training-camp chief, and Mustafa Ahmed, the al-Qaeda paymaster, vanished in early September. Three alleged 9/11 accomplices based in Germany are still at large. And undetectable "sleepers" were implanted across the globe some time ago. Without a

sanctuary like Afghanistan, the terrorists' capacity to conceive and carry out grand attacks in a centralized manner has clearly been undermined. Trouble is, not all the terrorism inspired by al-Qaeda needs to be handed down from the top. "They can be self-initiating at the grassroots level," says Magnus Ranstorp, a terrorism expert at St. Andrews University in Scotland. "Each individual member considers himself to have the authority to issue a fatwa. If we look only for the leadership and traditional nature of authority, it's a mistake."

—Reported by Hannah Bloch/Islamabad, Massimo Calabresi and Douglas Waller/Washington, Helen Gibson/London, Scott MacLeod/Cairo, Tim McGirk/Kandahar and Simon Robinson/Mogadishu

Now, the Legal War

The feds indict their first 9/11 suspect and are hot on the trail of other alleged al-Qaeda operatives

By ELAINE SHANNON and MATTHEW COOPER WASHINGTON

AFTER SPENDING WEEKS MAKING THE case for military tribunals for terrorists, Attorney General John Ashcroft walked into the Oval Office last week to make the case against them—at least in the first terrorist case stemming from the Sept. 11 attacks. Ashcroft told the President that there was no need for a military trial for Zacarias Moussaoui, an alleged al-Qaeda operative arrested in Minnesota last August. The President asked Ashcroft, "Will any of the evidence you

The possibility of a death sentence is a further shock to those in France who knew Moussaoui. Recalled as a typical, if somewhat rowdy, Eurokid raised by a Moroccan-immigrant single mother, Moussaoui embraced strict Islam at 19 in his native southern France. His radicalization accelerated in England, where he studied international trade and came under the sway of a leading al-Qaeda organizer. That London journey to extremism, French officials charge, is typical of the European Islamist militant. "British law and British society create an environment where extremist, at times violent,

When Moussaoui entered the U.S. this year on a program that does not require European tourists to get visas for 90 days, he went unnoticed. He quickly signed up for flying lessons, first in Oklahoma and later in Minnesota, where he wanted to train on a 747 simulator though he wasn't credentialed to fly even a small plane. His ham-handedness at the controls aroused the suspicions of the instructors. Federal authorities took him into custody on Aug. 16 for staying in the country past the 90-day mark. Although he was in detention when the Twin Towers were hit, prosecutors maintain that Moussaoui was intimately connected to the conspiracy.

One of the most compelling pieces of evidence against Moussaoui is his indirect link to Mohamed Atta, the Sept. 11 ring-leader. Last summer, according to the indictment, Moussaoui received a bank transfer from Ramzi Binalshibh, one of Atta's comrades from their days in the al-Qaeda cell in Hamburg, Germany. Binalshibh is not under indictment in the U.S.—and is nowhere to be found, having fled



need to use jeopardize the security of the United States?" When Ashcroft assured him that it wouldn't, the deal was done.

Moussaoui's may be the first terrorist indictment since Sept. 11, but it won't be the last. Just as the military campaign in Afghanistan is reaching its dénouement, the curtain on the legal war is being raised. This initial prosecution is by no means easy—in either the courtroom or the worldwide court of public opinion. The French are protesting the possible imposition of the death penalty for Moussaoui, a French citizen. Other nations in the European Union, which outlaws the death penalty, are expressing concern too. But the trial, however controversial, is unlikely to become an O.J.-size spectacle for one simple reason: TV cameras are forbidden at federal trials.

messages and militant indoctrination can enjoy the cover of religious freedom," says a French investigator.

While Britain rejects that charge, what appears indisputable is that Moussaoui, with his French citizenship, enjoyed easier travel in the West than did other al-Qaeda suspects, whose passports from countries like Yemen and Pakistan drew closer scrutiny. The indictment alleges that Moussaoui traveled to Afghanistan in April 1998 to train at Khalden, an al-Qaeda camp. It doesn't say how U.S. officials know this, but TIME has confirmed that one source was Ahmed Ressam, the terrorist snagged at the Canadian border in 1999 and convicted of trying to blow up Los Angeles International Airport. Ressam and Moussaoui studied at the camp together, and Ressam identified Moussaoui's photo.

Germany—but he was named a co-conspirator in the Moussaoui case and is expected to be charged soon. He is also wanted by the German authorities. Sources tell TIME that the FBI dispatched a team to Caro last month to try to find him before the Germans do, so the U.S. can have first crack at extraditing him. It's not that the U.S. distrusts the Germans, says a U.S. insider: It's just that getting to him first might help the FBI locate more al-Qaeda cells.

Like Timothy McVeigh, Moussaoui will avail himself of experienced court-appointed lawyers, including some seasoned in death-penalty cases. Still, says Paul McNulty, the U.S. attorney in charge, the prosecution is "very strong." In this new front of the war, nothing less will do. —With reporting by James Carney/Washington and Bruce Crumley/Paris





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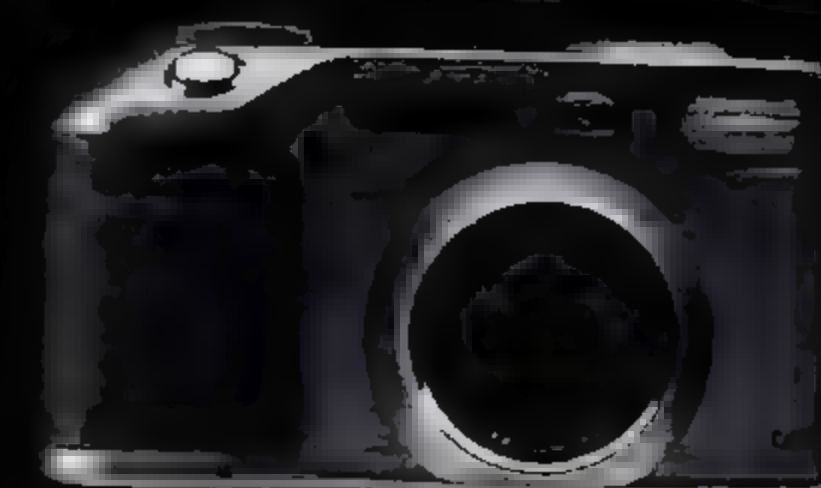
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Charles Krauthammer

Only in Their Dreams

Why is the "Arab street" silent? Because a radical Muslim fantasy has met reality

THE WEST HAS NOT FOUGHT A SERIOUS RELIGIOUS WAR IN 350 years. America is too young to have fought any. Our first reaction, therefore, to the declaration of holy war made upon us on Sept. 11 was to be appalled, impressed and intimidated. Appalled by the primitivism, impressed by the implacability, intimidated by the fanaticism.

Intimidation was pervasive during the initial hand-wringing period. What have we done to inspire such rage? What can we do? Sure, we can strike back, but will that not just make the enemy even more angry and determined and fanatical? How can you defeat an enemy who thinks he's on a mission from God?

How? A hundred days and one war later, we know the answer: B-52s, for starters.

We were from the beginning a little too impressed. There were endless warnings that making war on a Muslim nation would succeed only in recruiting more enraged volunteers for bin Laden, with a flood of fierce *mujahedin* going to Afghanistan to confront the infidel. Western experts warned that the seething "Arab street" would rise up against us.

Look around. The Arab street is deathly quiet. The mobs, exultant on Sept. 11 and braying for American blood, have gone home. There are no recruits headed to Afghanistan to fight the infidel. The old recruits, battered and beaten and terrified, are desperately trying to sneak their way out of Afghanistan.

The reason is simple. We won. Crushing. Astonishingly. Destroying a regime 7,000 miles away, landlocked and almost inaccessible, in nine weeks.

The logic of victory often eludes the secular West. We have a hard time figuring out an enemy who speaks in religious terms. He seems indestructible. Cut him down, and 10 more will rise in his place. How can you destroy an idea?

This gave rise to the initial soul searching, the magazine covers plaintively asking WHY DO THEY HATE US? The feeling that we might be responsible for the hatred directed against us suggested that we should perhaps seek to assuage and placate. But there is no assuaging those who see your very existence as a denial of the faith and an affront to God. There is no placating those who offer you the choice of conversion or death.

There is only war and victory.

Mullah Omar and bin Laden are animated by a vision. They really do believe—or perhaps did believe—that their destiny was to unite all the Muslim lands from the Pyrenees to the Philippines and re-establish the original caliphate of a millennium ago. Omar took the sacred robe, attributed to Muhammad and locked away for more than 60 years, and triumphantly donned it in public as if to declare his succession to the

Prophet's earthly rule. (Osama harbored similar fantasies about himself, although he fed Omar's, as a form of flattery and enticement.)

Such visions are not new. Omar's and Osama's are just as expansive, just as eschatological, and yet no more crazy than Hitler's dream of the Thousand-Year Reich or Napoleon's of dominion over all Europe. The Taliban and al-Qaeda, like Nazi Germany and revolutionary France, represent not just political parties or power seekers; they also represent movements. And a movement carries with it an idea, an ideology, a vision for the future.

That is where the mad dreamers are vulnerable: the dream can be defeated by reality. What was left of Nazi ideology with Hitler buried in the rubble of Berlin? What was left of Bonapartism with Napoleon rotting in St. Helena? What was left of Fas-

cism, an idea that swept Europe and entranced a generation, with Mussolini's body hanging upside down, strung up by partisans in 1945?

What is left of the great caliphate today? It is a ruin. Caliph Omar is in hiding; Caliph Osama, on the run.

This is not to say that Islamic fundamentalism is dead. But it has suffered a grievous blow. Its great appeal was not just its revival of a glorious past but also the promise that it was the wave of the future, the inexorable tide that would sweep through not just Arabia but all Islam—and one day the world.

That is why Afghanistan is such a turning point. It marks the first great reversal of fortune for radical Islam. For two decades it tasted one victory after another: the Beirut bombings of 1983 that chased America out of Lebanon; "Black Hawk Down" that chased America out of Somalia; the first Afghan war that chased the Soviet Union out of Afghanistan—and led to the collapse of a superpower, no less. These were heady victories, as were the wounds inflicted with impunity on the other su-

perpower: the 1993 attack on the World Trade Center, the 1998 destruction of two U.S. embassies in Africa, the 2000 attack on the U.S.S. *Cole*. The limp and feckless American reaction to these acts of war—a token cruise missile here, a showy indictment there, empty threats everywhere—only reinforced the radical Islamic conviction that America was a paper tiger, fat and decadent, leader of a civilization grown weak and cowardly and ripe for defeat.

For the fundamentalist, success has deep religious significance. The logic of the holy warrior is this:

My God is great and omnipotent.

I am a warrior for God.

Therefore victory is mine.

What then happens to the syllogism if he is defeated? To understand, we must enter the mind of

primitive fundamentalism. Or, shall we say, re-enter. Our Western biblical texts speak of a time 3,000 years ago when victory in battle was seen as the victory not only of one people over another but also of one god over another. Triumph over the "hosts of Egypt" was of theological importance: it was living proof of the living God—and the powerlessness and thus the falsity of the defeated god.

The secular West no longer thinks in those terms. But radical Islam does. Which is why the Osama tape, reveling in the success of Sept. 11, is such an orgy of religious triumphalism: so many dead, so much fame, so much joy, so many new recruits—God is great.

By the same token, with the total collapse of the Taliban, everything has changed. Omar has lost his robe. The Arab street is silent.

The joy is gone. And recruitment? The Pakistani mullahs who after Sept. 11 had urged hapless young men to join the Taliban in fighting America and now have to answer to bereaved parents are facing ostracism and disgrace. Al-Qaeda agents roaming the madrasahs of Pakistan and the poorer neighborhoods of the Arab world will have a much harder sell. The syllogism of invincibility that sustained Islamic fanaticism is shattered.

We have just witnessed something new in the modern world: the rollback of Islamic fundamentalism. We have just witnessed the first overthrow of a radical Islamic regime, indeed, the destruction of radical Islam's home base. Yesterday the base was Afghanistan. Today it is a few caves and a few hidden cells throughout the world. Al-Qaeda controls no state, no sovereign territory. It is an outlaw on the run.

Rollback is, of course, a cold war term. For decades our approach to Islamic terrorism was like our approach to communism: containment. Do not invade its territory, but keep it, as Clinton liked to say of Saddam, "in a box." We tried containing

al-Qaeda with a few pinprick bombings and an attack on a pharmaceutical factory in Sudan. These were nothing but an evasion, a looking the other way. Sept. 11 proved the folly of that approach. President Bush therefore announced a radically new doctrine. We would no longer contain. We would attack, advance and destroy any government harboring terrorists. Afghanistan is now the signal example. Just as the Reagan doctrine reversed containment and marked the beginning of the end of the Soviet empire, the Bush doctrine marks the beginning of the rollback of the Islamic terror empire.

Of course, the turning of the tide is not the end of the war. This is the invasion of Normandy; we must still enter Berlin. The terrorists still have part of their infrastructure. They still have their sleeper cells. They can still, if they acquire weapons

of mass destruction, inflict unimaginable damage and death. Which is why eradicating the other centers of terrorism is so urgent.

We can now, however, carry on with a confidence we did not have before Afghanistan. Confidence that even religious fanaticism can be defeated, that despite its bravado, it carries no mandate from heaven.

The psychological effect of our stunning victory in Afghanistan is already evident. We see the beginning of self-reflection in the Arab press, asking what Arab jihadists are doing exporting their problems to places like Afghanistan and the West; wondering why the Arab world uniquely has not developed a single real democracy; and asking, most fundamentally, how a great religion like Islam could have harbored a malignant strain that would rejoice in the death of 3,000 innocents. It is the kind of

questioning that Europeans engaged in after World War II (asking how Fascism and Nazism could have been bred in the bosom of European Christianity) but that was sadly lacking in the Islamic world. Until now.

It is beginning now not because our propaganda is good. Not because al-Jazeera changed its anti-American tune. Not because a wave of remorse spontaneously erupted in places like Saudi Arabia. But because, with our B-52s, our special forces, our smart bombs, our daisy cutters—our power and our will—we scattered the enemy.

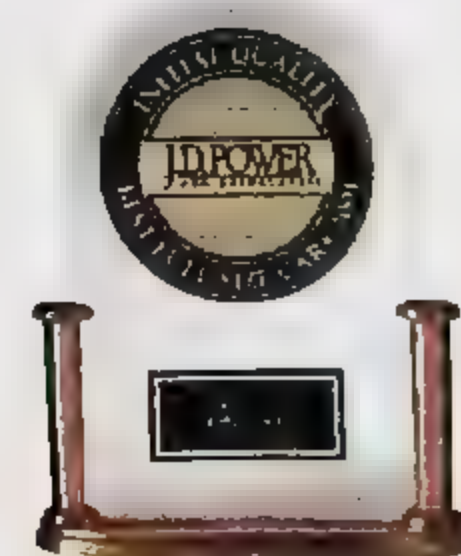
What the secular West fails to understand is that in fighting religious fanaticism the issue—for the fanatic—is not grievance but ascendancy. What must be decided is not who is right and wrong—one can never appease the grievances of the religious fanatic—but whose God is greater. After Afghanistan there can be no doubt. In the land of jihad, the fall of the Taliban and the flight of al-Qaeda are testimony to the god that failed.



Old way: In Somalia, tragic defeat



New way: In Afghanistan, a signal victory



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ARAFAT'S DANCE OF DEATH

WORLD

With the Palestinian leader's own men joining in terror attacks, it's not clear which side he is on

By DANIEL EISENBERG

THE ATTACK ITSELF WAS DISTURBING enough. As an Israeli bus approached Emmanuel, a Jewish settlement in the West Bank, a band of Palestinian guerrillas detonated two roadside bombs. When passengers fled the stricken vehicle, the militants gunned them down and flung grenades in their direction. Ten civilians were killed in the assault, and 30 were injured.

Then came the added horror. It was not just the usual suspect, the radical Islamic group Hamas, that took responsibility for the outrage. Also claiming a part was the Aqsa Martyrs Brigade, an underground militia associated with Yasser Arafat. That would be the same Yasser Arafat that Israel was supposed to count on to rein in Palestinian terrorists.

Hamas didn't want to share the credit, but the fact that the Martyrs Brigade implicated itself in the bus attack was the lat-

est sign that Arafat's own putative loyalists are now participating in the mayhem. That development is one reason the government of Israeli Prime Minister Ariel Sharon last week officially cut contacts with Arafat, declaring him "irrelevant." Said Cabinet Minister Tzipi Livni: "It's no longer that the Palestinian Authority isn't doing enough. Some of the Authority people have become part of these terrorist organizations."

Hamas and groups associated with Arafat have developed increasingly close links since the collapse of the Camp David peace talks in the summer of 2000. After rejecting Israel's offer for a final settlement, Arafat returned home to encourage a new *intifadeh*, or uprising. Once the promise of a negotiated settlement with Israel faded, there was no longer a major ideological division between Arafat's secular nationalists and the Islamists, who reject any accommodation with Israel.

To facilitate the less lethal aspects of the *intifadeh*, such as political rallies and

DEC. 12 After setting off two roadside bombs, Palestinian gunmen opened fire on fleeing Israeli passengers, killing 10

funerals for slain compatriots, the two factions formed a National and Islamic Committee in every Palestinian town. The committee includes members of Hamas and its spin-off, Islamic Jihad, as well as the various components of the Palestine Liberation Organization, including Arafat's party, Fatah. Contacts on this level helped foster similar ties on the military front. "Joint attacks," notes a senior official in Israeli military intelligence, "are not a marginal phenomenon lately." The links between these organizations, as well as between the Islamists and the official security forces of the Authority, have become so complex and active that the Shin Bet, the Israeli version of the FBI, has set up a sophisticated computer program to keep track of them all.

Arafat's duplicitous messages—publicly he talks about making peace with Israel; privately he's militant—have helped bring the two strands of Palestinian politics together. The Authority, notes a security official in the Gaza Strip, "has played a double game throughout the *intifadeh*." What's more, says an Israeli security official in the West Bank, with central command in the

Authority deteriorating in recent months, many local security and militia leaders are unclear whether they are supposed to be initiating terrorist attacks, closing their eyes to other people's terrorist attacks or trying to prevent terrorist attacks. In that situation, these leaders often turn to personal relationships with local chieftains from other groups.

Salah Darwazah provides a case in point. Before the *intifadeh*, Darwazah, a Hamas bombmaker, got to know members of Arafat's Force 17 security unit when they guarded his cell at the Jeneid prison in the West Bank city of Nablus. When he was released, he paid them to watch over his bombmaking lab on Wadi Tuffah Street in Nablus, an arrangement that continued until Darwazah was assassinated by Israel in July. Other examples of common effort:

■ On Oct. 28, four Israeli women were gunned down at a crowded bus stop in the city of Hadera. The attack was claimed by Islamic Jihad, but the two men who carried it out were active members of the Palestinian police force.

■ On Nov. 6, an Israeli army reservist, Captain Eyal Sela, was shot dead on a West Bank road by a gang that included one member from Fatah, one from Hamas and one from a communist group within the P.L.O. that has been quiet for years.

■ On Nov. 27, two gunmen opened fire with Kalashnikovs on a crowd of people near the central bus station in the city of Afula, killing two young Israeli men. Fatah and Islamic Jihad shared responsibility.

■ On Nov. 29, the same two groups took responsibility for the suicide bombing of a bus on its way from Nazareth to Hadera. Three Israelis died.

■ On Dec. 1, two suicide bombers struck the busy Ben Yehuda pedestrian mall in downtown Jerusalem, killing 11 Israelis. One of the bombers was from Hamas; the other had just resigned from the Palestinian General Intelligence.

It's no coincidence that the number of joint attacks has grown at the same time Arafat's popularity and authority have sunk to new lows. Since the Authority has never allowed much room for internal dissent, the joint operations have become a new outlet through which to criticize and embarrass Arafat. "We in Fatah are the ones who shouldered the burden of the peace project," says a West Bank security official, citing the group's work in building Author-

ity institutions. "But in spite of what we have suffered, Arafat doesn't listen to us."

The Israelis are not concerned about the reasons behind the joint terror. They just want the attacks to cease and are no longer waiting for Arafat to stop them. After a devastating spasm of suicide bombings at the start of the month, the Israelis, as usual, gave Arafat a list of suspects to arrest. His forces picked up a handful, but none was a big fish. One who got away, a Hamas leader from the village of a-Til near Tulkarem, was therefore free to send the Emmanuel attackers on their mission, according to Israeli intelligence.

Upon severing relations with Arafat last week, the Israelis announced that they would from now on make their own arrests of Palestinian fugitives. That means violating a key component of the Oslo peace accords, which forbid Israeli forces to enter territory under Authority control unless they are in "hot pursuit" of a wanted individual. But the right-wing Sharon has never liked the Oslo accords, which were ne-

gotiated under a dovish government. He immediately delivered on his vow, sending his troops, backed by tanks, into West Bank towns to arrest 50 suspected militants. For good measure, Israeli fighter planes and helicopter gunships blasted buildings belonging to Arafat's various security forces. In a gunfight near Nablus, Israeli troops killed six Palestinian policemen.

Was this the end to all hopes for diplomacy? Privately, Israeli officials said they would restore ties with Arafat if he would embark on a real crackdown. One of his security officials in Gaza argues that Arafat cannot do that without alienating his constituents. This source compares Arafat to the coach of a national soccer team. "How can you turn around halfway through the game and say the goaltender is Islamic Jihad, so he has to be arrested, and one of the players is Hamas, so we're going to arrest him too? How can you explain that to the spectators?" —Reported by Matt Rees, Aharon Klein and Jamil Hamad/Jerusalem

THE NEW DEADLY COMBINATION

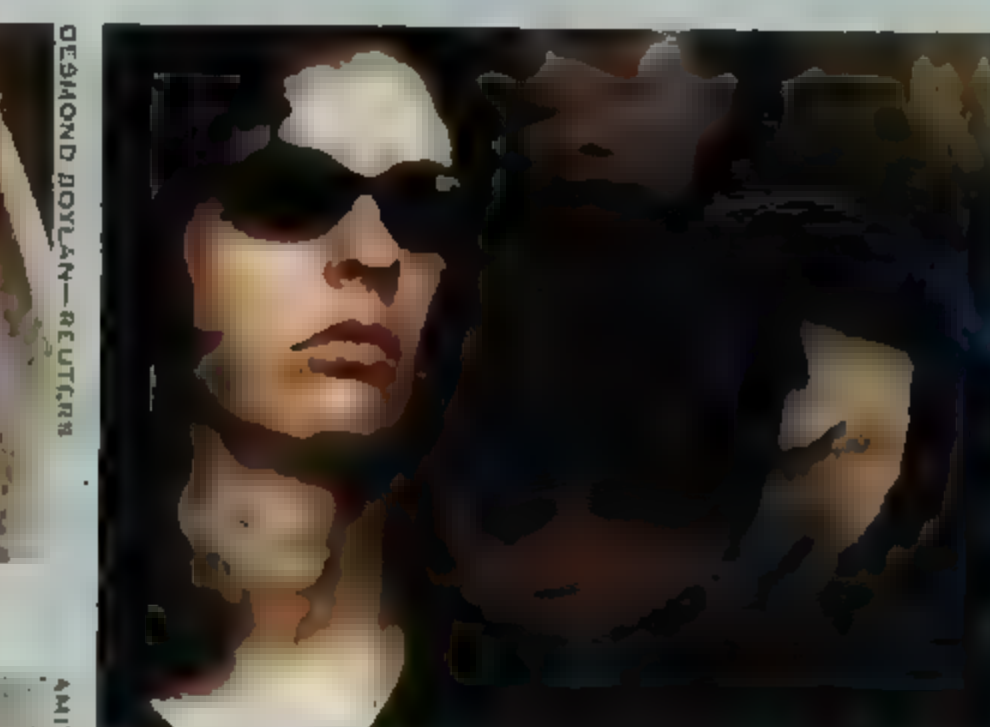
Lately, members of groups putatively loyal to Yasser Arafat have made common cause with militants of Sheikh Ahmed Yassin's Hamas movement as well as with Islamic Jihad



Yasser Arafat



Ahmed Yassin



NOV. 6 A three-faction gang killed Israeli reservist Eyal Sela on a road near Nablus, leaving his sister to grieve at his funeral



NOV. 27 Two militants, one shown here, opened fire in Afula, leaving two Israelis dead before police killed them



OCT. 28 Two Palestinian policemen shot dead four Israeli women, one pictured, as they waited for a bus in downtown Hadera

Comfort Food in Toyland

With families hunkering down, sales of classic toys have surged—a bright spot in a bleak retail season

By DAREN FONDA

TOYS DON'T GET MUCH MORE CLASSIC than Lincoln Logs: interlocking brown wooden pieces that kids since 1916 have used to build frontier cabins and fences. Under manufacturer Hasbro, Lincoln Logs languished in recent decades. But three years ago, a small company based in Hatfield, Pa., called K'Nex, licensed the brand and found ways to push it into stores. Ever since, the toys have been tumbling into shoppers' carts. With \$50 million in sales this year, they're more popular than ever.

But aggressive marketing to retailers is only part of the reason for the revival of the Logs. All sorts of retro toys have been growing in popularity over the past year—and especially since Sept. 11, when they've seemed to act as a sort of comfort food for anxious families. The first spike in sales came among G.I. Joes and fire-fighter action figures. But a range of other oldies, many with fresh face-lifts, are proving to be this season's hits: 1950s-era live-ant farms, a revamped version of the '70s-era Shrinky Dinks and a 3-D Hot Wheels "fireball" raceway that

AGING BARBIE
After 42 years, she still brought Mattel \$1.7 billion in sales this year

Mattel says will be the biggest seller in the line's 33-year history.

Anecdotal evidence suggests that while some kids are asking for these vintage favorites, parents and grandparents are also driving up demand and not just out of nostalgia. In a recessionary economy, parents who can't spring for a \$300 Xbox may still satisfy their kids with a less pricey updated classic, say, a Harry Potter Lego set. Cheap, classic board games are getting a boost too. Diane Quaiver of Villa Park, Ill., says her 18-year-old daughter lately spends more time at home with her boyfriend and other friends. "They play UNO, Monopoly," she says. "They haven't gone out as much."

Traditional toys and games account for two-thirds of the \$24 billion toy market. And retailers Wal-Mart and Target report that toys are one of the few categories showing sales growth this season. That's welcome news for toy giants Mattel and Hasbro, and even more encouraging for retro-toy niche players like K'Nex, which projects revenue growth of 30% this year.

Mattel and Hasbro have struggled for years with graying product lines and supply-chain snafus that, like clockwork each holiday season, resulted in shortages of the hottest toys. To woo investors back, each made forays into electronics and software, with disastrous results. Hasbro, after losing \$200 million on an interactive division and website, sold both ventures for \$100 million early this year. Mattel in 1999 bought educational-software maker The Learning Co. for \$3.5 billion, only to unload it this year for an "undisclosed sum," which analysts say was virtually nil.



LOW-TECH HITS Seeking solace in recessionary times, parents are snapping up oldies like Hot Wheels race cars, left, and board games like Monopoly (created during the Great Depression)

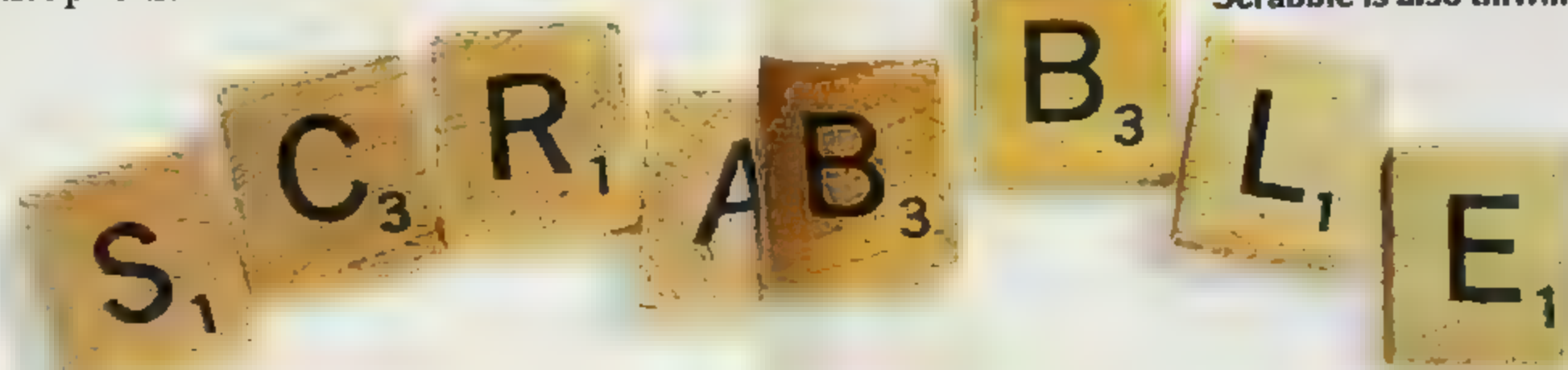


Lately, though, investors have renewed their faith in both companies. Mattel's stock has climbed 28% this year, while Hasbro's has risen 63%. Mattel CEO Robert Eckert plans to slash 1,300 jobs and shutter the firm's last U.S. plant (most toys are made in low-wage Southeast Asia and China.) He has moved product-development teams from El Segundo, Calif., to Hong Kong, where they can better coordinate manufacturing. Result: a leaner, nimbler operation, with toys shipped to retailers earlier in the season to avoid supply disruptions.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY TAYLOR



LEGO MAGIC Harry Potter's spell has helped revive sales of the building sets; Hasbro's Scrabble is also thriving



Despite plummeting sales of Furby- and Pokemon-related items this year, Hasbro returned to profitability in the third quarter, boosted by its slashing 750 jobs and consolidating toy operations at headquarters in Pawtucket, R.I. More sculpting and modeling is now done in China, closer to manufacturing plants. And the company points to rising sales of G.I. Joes—which began before Sept. 11—as vindication of its strategy of refocusing on core brands.

So will the toy trade be any less volatile next year? Probably not. Kids' fickle tastes ensure eBay auctions for the hottest toys, overstocks of past winners and frustration all around. But the prospect of more oldies being "refreshed" seems to suit Tyler Brown, 9, of Houston. On his wish list: "More PlayStation 2 games, lots of rescue heroes and more Lincoln Logs." —With

reporting by Deborah Fowler/
Houston and Maggie
Sieger/Chicago



WOODEN COMEBACK
A 1916 relic, Lincoln Logs construction sets have won over a new generation, as has another classic, Tinkertoys, above



HEAVYWEIGHTS The star and the Greatest share the spotlight



Photograph by Howard Bingham

C I N E M A

LORD OF THE RING

MUHAMMAD ALI AND WILL SMITH TURN THE CHAMP'S LIFE INTO A MOVIE AS STIRRING—AND COMPLEX—AS THE MAN

By JESS CAGLE

FIRST, YOU HEAR HIM TAPPING. He's in his office, on his farm on the southern border of Michigan, making art. He's such a big man—solid as a brick wall and well over 6 ft.—that he nearly dwarfs the conference table where he's seated. Before him is a large piece of paper and several black markers. In the center of

the paper he's drawn a tiny boxing ring with two tiny stick figures. The larger one is labeled MUHAMMAD ALI, and it's delivering a solid punch to the much smaller one, labeled JOE FRAZIER.

All around the boxing ring, all the way out to the edges of the paper, the 59-year-old artist formerly known as Cassius Clay taps away with his black marker, making hundreds of dots, each representing one spectator. "Thrilla in



THOMAS HEPPNER/MAGNUM



A HISTORICAL REMATCH: Bingham's photo of Malcolm X and Ali in Harlem in 1964, left, inspired a scene with Van Peebles and Smith

Manila," he says, struggling to speak, in a low, gravelly whisper. "These are the people." He often draws these pictures, recreating his glorious fights. Making the dots keeps him busy for hours and helps maintain his motor skills, which have been diminished by the Parkinson's he has suffered from for two decades. But his mind and sense of humor remain sharp. While tap-tap-tapping away with his black marker, he talks about Ali, the movie about his life opening Dec. 25, with Will Smith in the title role.

"He did a good job," says Muhammad Ali, who played himself in the awful 1977 biopic *The Greatest*. For this new movie, under the tutelage of director Michael Mann (*The Insider*), Smith prepared by studying Ali's Islamic faith and learning to box, training for nearly a year. The 33-year-old star added 30 lbs. of muscle to his lanky physique and transformed his body into a nearly perfect replica of the champ's when he was in fighting form. When this observation is shared with Ali, he pauses, then looks up from his drawing and, his eyes twinkling a bit, says with a small smile, "They say we all look alike."

Ali often says things like this to shock strangers. The truth is, no one looks like Ali. Smith is arguably the most likable

movie star on the planet, but not even he possesses Ali's singular DNA pattern of beauty, grace and bravado. To make a movie about Ali—perhaps the most idolized, vilified and complex public figure of the 20th century—has been a high-wire act of both hubris and dedication. "For an African American, Muhammad Ali is the biggest role you could have. Malcolm X, Muhammad Ali and Nelson Mandela—with any of those roles comes a responsibility," says Smith. "The level of dedication to this role is unparalleled to anything [I've done] so far other than having a family."

Ali's journey to the screen began a decade ago, when Oliver Stone met with the champ about making a movie of his life. They remained friendly, but the professional collaboration ended when the director refused to share creative control of the film. In 1992 Howard Bingham, Ali's longtime confidant and photographer, and Lonnie Ali, his fourth wife and business partner, hooked up with producer Paul Ardaji. A friend and former advertising executive, Ardaji optioned the rights to the fighter's life, and the project eventually landed at Sony. The Alis maintained contractual control over the movie's basic story and met with all five writers (including

Mann) who would work on the screenplay.

When the couple read a treatment by Steve Rivele and Chris Wilkinson (*Nixon*), Lonnie sent back two requests. "One was that we be respectful to the women in Ali's life," says Rivele. "The other was to make it clear that he'd never done a bit of housework in his life." The initial screenplay, which Gregory Allen Howard (*Remember the Titans*) delivered in 1996, offered this fascinating insight: "The key to Ali's life was his relationship with his father, who ignored him," says Howard. "It explains his need to please older men like Malcolm X, Elijah Muhammad, Howard Cosell and Don King."

The movie went nowhere, though, because Smith was too "terrified" to sign on. "I didn't want to be the dude that messed up the Muhammad Ali story," he says. He also had trouble relating to a man whose life had been so defined by racial injustice. "I'm a child of rap music," says Smith, who started his career in music and still moonlights as a rapper. "We've got Bentleys. We can't even relate to not being able to sit in somebody's lunch counter. I'll buy the counter and throw you out." But for Ali, Smith was always the first choice: "He's the only guy in the world who could look like me and act like me."

HOWARD BINGHAM: A BINGHAM—COLUMBIA PICTURES

SPARRING PARTNERS: Voight, in toupee and prosthetics, and Smith try to re-create the comic chemistry of Cosell and Ali, seen here in 1972



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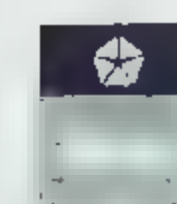
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At 5, they like to play games.
At 14, they like to play deaf.

FILM REVIEW

An Epic Light on Its Feet

At the height of his 1960s troubles, when as a conscientious objector he has refused induction into the Army, when he's been stripped of his title and not allowed to fight, someone asks Muhammad Ali if he even knows where Vietnam is. Sure, he replies. "It's on TV."

It is a cosmic moment in *Ali*, Michael Mann's sober and often stirring film biography, a perfect representation of the instinctive, almost visionary, shrewdness that lay beneath Ali's doggerel-spewing, hyperkinetic image. Bloodied and staggering under the blows of coarsely baying public opinion, he understood before most of us did that it was another kind of imagery—that selected by the media to symbolize the war to American civilians—that would determine the war's outcome and his own fate.

He probably could not then or even now explain his almost mystical connection with America's unofficial psyche: that best part of us that silently, often humorously, resists all the political and journalistic

attempts to explain us to ourselves.

Perhaps the best thing about Mann's film (which he co-wrote with four others) is that it does not impose conventional motivations on Ali. It just lets him be, without a lot of back story or psychologizing. We don't learn, for example, exactly why he turned on Malcolm X, who had mentored him in Muslimism; we just suddenly see him do so. We don't know exactly what he and Howard Cosell saw in each other; we just see him and the sportscaster (Jon Voight in some rather grotesque makeup) juking and jiving—

playing their own mutually advantageous game while the rest of the media stumble cluelessly in their wake. Ali was rope-a-doping the world long before he applied the technique to George Foreman in Zaire.

The film, like all biopics, can give only an impression of its subject's life. And so it elides much of Ali's busy romantic history (three relationships stand in for many), and we get a pretty fragmented sense of how he managed (or didn't) his slippery, fractious entourage. There are times when the film makes us hunger for more (or at least better connected) information. There are times in Will Smith's performance when you wish he would be a little

less conscientious in his imitation of life, a little more, well, yes, instinctive in his performance. And Mann's reconstruction of the Rumble in the Jungle with Foreman can't match the lunatic intensity of Leon Gast's great documentary on the subject, *When We Were Kings*.

But still, there is also great sweetness and appeal in Smith's work; the supporting cast, led by Jamie Foxx's Drew (Bundini) Brown, is strong and real. The boxing sequences are superbly directed by Mann and ferociously enacted by Smith and a variety of sparring partners. And maybe the slight air of cautiousness that clings to this very conscientious film is a good thing. It does not brutally impose itself on the audience as so many big, riskily expensive films do. It permits us, in the audience, our own reflections not only about its subject but also about the times Ali helped shape and which ultimately, quite miraculously, helped shape him. A thoughtful epic is both a rarity and an oxymoron. But that's what *Ali* is, and you can't help being drawn sympathetically into its hero's struggle for mastery of himself and his era. —By Richard Schickel



MAIN EVENT: Smith, top, trained hard, building up and copying Ali's moves to re-create bouts like the one at bottom

After a management turnover at Sony, several more rewrites were assigned while many directors, including Barry Sonnenfeld, Curtis Hanson and Spike Lee, circled the movie. Mann ultimately took the job after meeting with the Alis. "The one thing they feared was a sentimentalization," says Mann, "a teary Hallmark-greeting version of Muhammad Ali ... What they didn't want is what I didn't want." When asked why he didn't choose a black director, Ali answers, "The people that made the movie, I know they're qualified. I don't care what color they are." His wife adds that "Muhammad didn't want it to be a movie just for black audiences. He wanted it to be a movie for all cultures and all people."

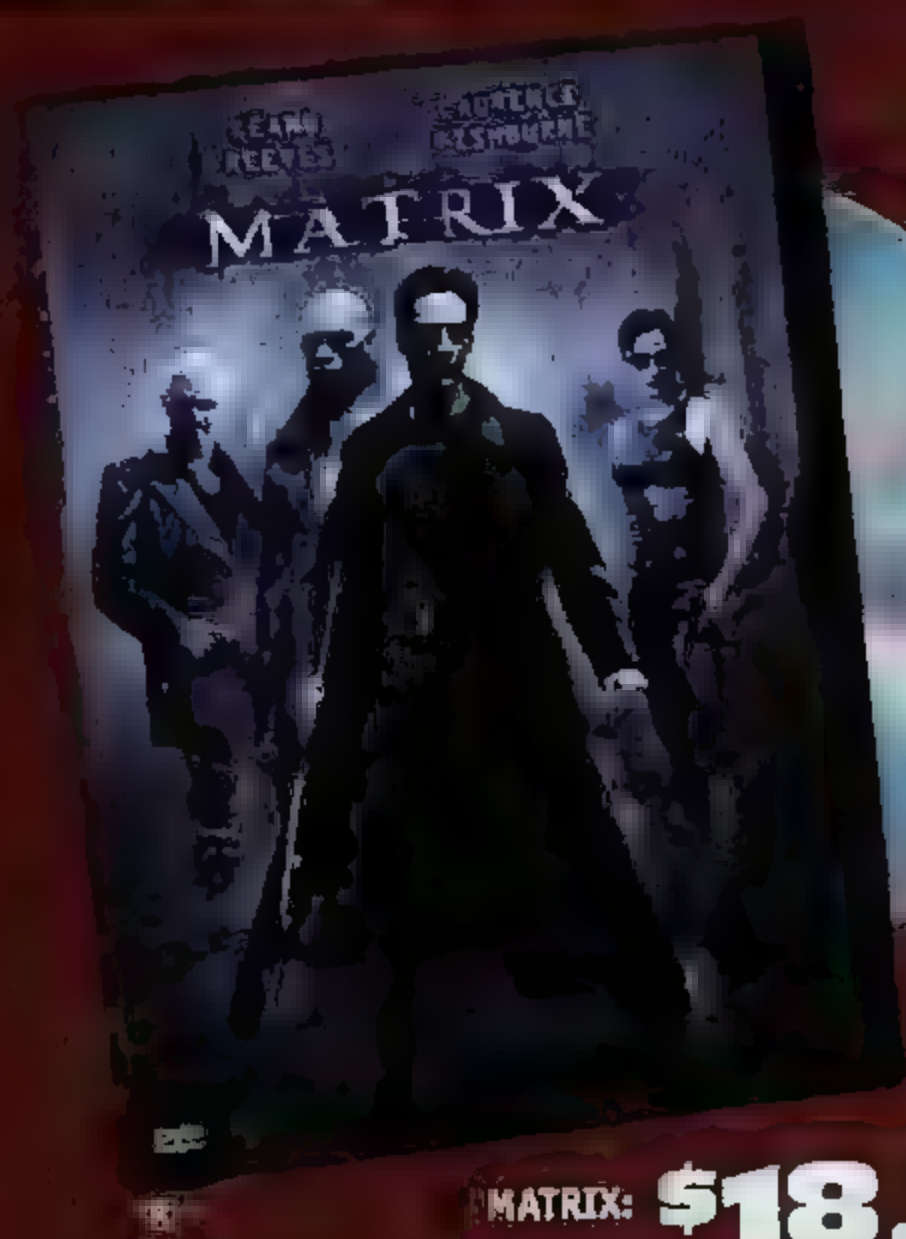
Mann got Smith on board by promising to guide him through the physical, emotional and spiritual training required. "Be-

fore that point, I couldn't see how I would become Muhammad Ali," says Smith. Mann kept Ali's story at manageable length by focusing only on the civil rights and Vietnam years, when Ali "occupied his most profound importance." Mann's final screenplay, written with Eric Roth, begins in 1964, when the young Cassius Clay beats

Rumble in the Jungle bout—a sequence that Mann shot in Mozambique with 2,000 paid extras and more than 20,000 volunteers. The cost of Mann's epic vision: at least \$105 million.

Almost half an hour of the movie takes place in boxing rings. Mann, a famous perfectionist, has meticulously restaged the

Sonny Liston out of the world heavyweight championship. Fresh off his victory, he publicly and unapologetically announces his devotion to the Nation of Islam—a black Muslim group that white America at the time considered a serious, militant threat—and takes an Arabic name. He's stripped of his title by the boxing commission when he refuses the Vietnam draft ("No Viet Cong ever called me a _____.") Over the course of 2½ hours, the film builds to its finale in 1974, when he takes the title back from George Foreman in Zaire's



MATRIX: \$18.74

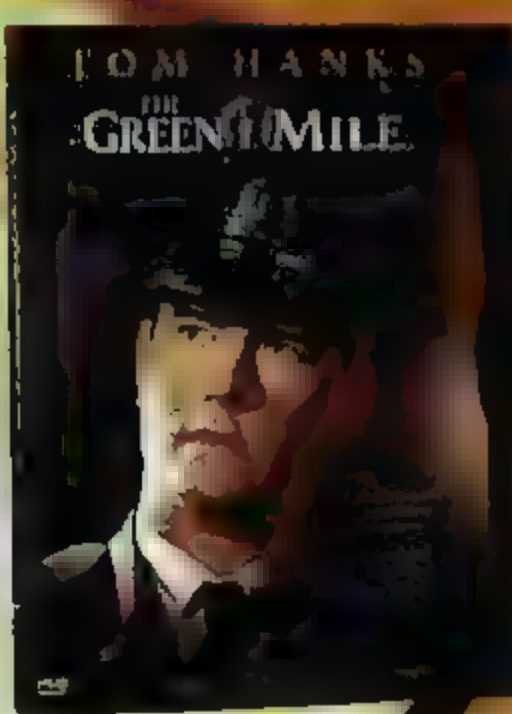
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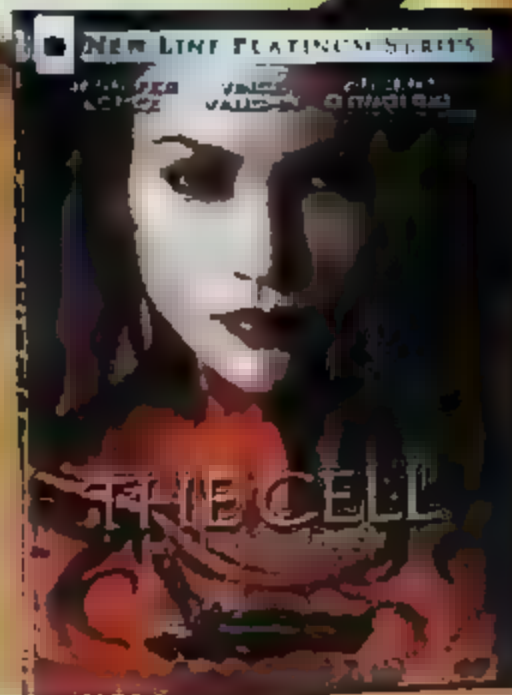
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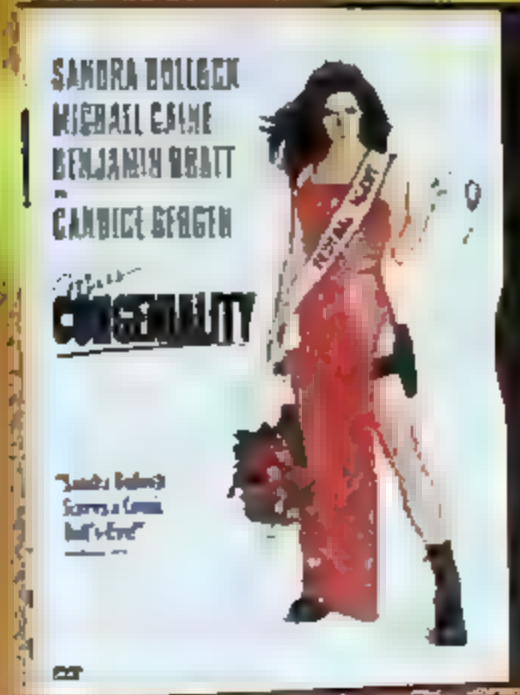
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CINEMA

actual fights, and Smith goes toe to toe with real fighters. Smith says the knockdown of Foreman (boxer Charles Shufford) was the most "grueling" sequence: "We did it over five days. Michael wanted everything, the angle of the bend in my wrist and the angle of my ankle and toe, to be perfect."

Mann also made sure the supporting cast did its homework. Angelo Dundee, Ali's former trainer, was often on the set with Ron Silver, who plays him in the movie. Actor Jeffrey Wright closely observed Bingham, who was on hand to take pictures and help safeguard historical accuracy. Jamie Foxx studied tapes of Ali's late, drug-addled corner man Drew (Bundini) Brown. Jon Voight, who last summer hid himself under layers of prosthetics as Franklin Delano Roosevelt in *Pearl Harbor*, again endured hours each day in the makeup chair, this time disguising himself as Howard Cosell. The witty verbal spar-

ring between Ali and Cosell provides some of the movie's most entertaining moments. "If you talk to Ali today," says Voight, "the first thing that will happen in response to the name Howard Cosell is a smile."

Moviegoers may want to do a little research themselves before seeing the film. "Michael Mann doesn't subscribe to the theory that the audience is not smart," says Smith. "People appreciate it when you're not spelling everything out." Still, it helps to know a few facts about Ali's initiation into the Nation of Islam and his complicated relationship with Malcolm X (Mario Van Peebles), which is already unfolding when the movie begins. Says Mann: "I wanted to insert you into the stream of this man's life, orient you without doing it in a blatant way with exposition." Ali is pleased with Mann's approach. "It was better than I thought it would be," he said after attending the movie's Hollywood premiere.

Weeks earlier, on the day we found him drawing in his office, Ali hadn't yet seen the entire movie. Concerned about the treatment of his rich sex life, he asks if the film is too racy, poking his right middle finger into his closed left fist to help communicate the question. Yes, Smith does have a love scene with his real-life wife, Jada Pinkett Smith, who plays Ali's spitfire bride Sonji Roi. Lonnie reassures the champ: "But they have their clothes on," she says, and she explains that "the last thing we wanted to do was whitewash Muhammad." Ali has no comment on this. He goes back to his boxing picture. Once it has been filled with spectators, Ali rises, walks tentatively around the table and shows it off to his visitor. He's proud of the drawing. It's not the first time that he has created an audience all on his own.

—With reporting by Simon Robinson/Maputo

ALI IN HISTORY

An American Original

By STANLEY CROUCH

Country boy. Braggart. Jester. Rebel. Daredevil. Heroic champion athlete. Muhammad Ali symbolizes so much of our unconscious American identity and so much of what it is about us that has universal appeal.

In Ali, who almost always had a white trainer, we see the frontiersman in buckskin learning from the Indians how to best handle the dangers of the woods. In his chanting of doggerel before fights and speaking of himself as "so pretty" and "the greatest," he was heir to the charismatic insolence and humor that have always defined our national bad boys.

Considered laughable when challenging "the big ugly bear" Sonny Liston for the heavyweight championship in 1964, Ali turned out to be as surprising as the troops who wore rags on their feet and followed George Washington to take down the British Empire and turn the world upside down.

In his trash talking to his opponents, the press and anyone else who would listen,

he connected things as seemingly opposite as Davy Crockett's braggadocio and the aggressive posturing of the black streets and locker rooms where he grew up. His startling wit was as exhilarating as those flying pies in American slapstick movies.

At the point when he scandalized the world of sports by talking about race in ways he could not have done as a boy in the South, Ali connected to the runaway slave who came North and joined up to rally people against slavery. When he was used by Malcolm X and the Nation of Islam to spout racist rhetoric and promote a homemade version of Islam, he showed his vulnerability to cults, but he

later revealed his strengths by walking away. Perhaps Ali's greatest American-rebel moment was when he refused to go into the military service: he rang a chord going all the way back to the Civil War, when some whites refused to defend slavery for slave owners who had no respect for them either.

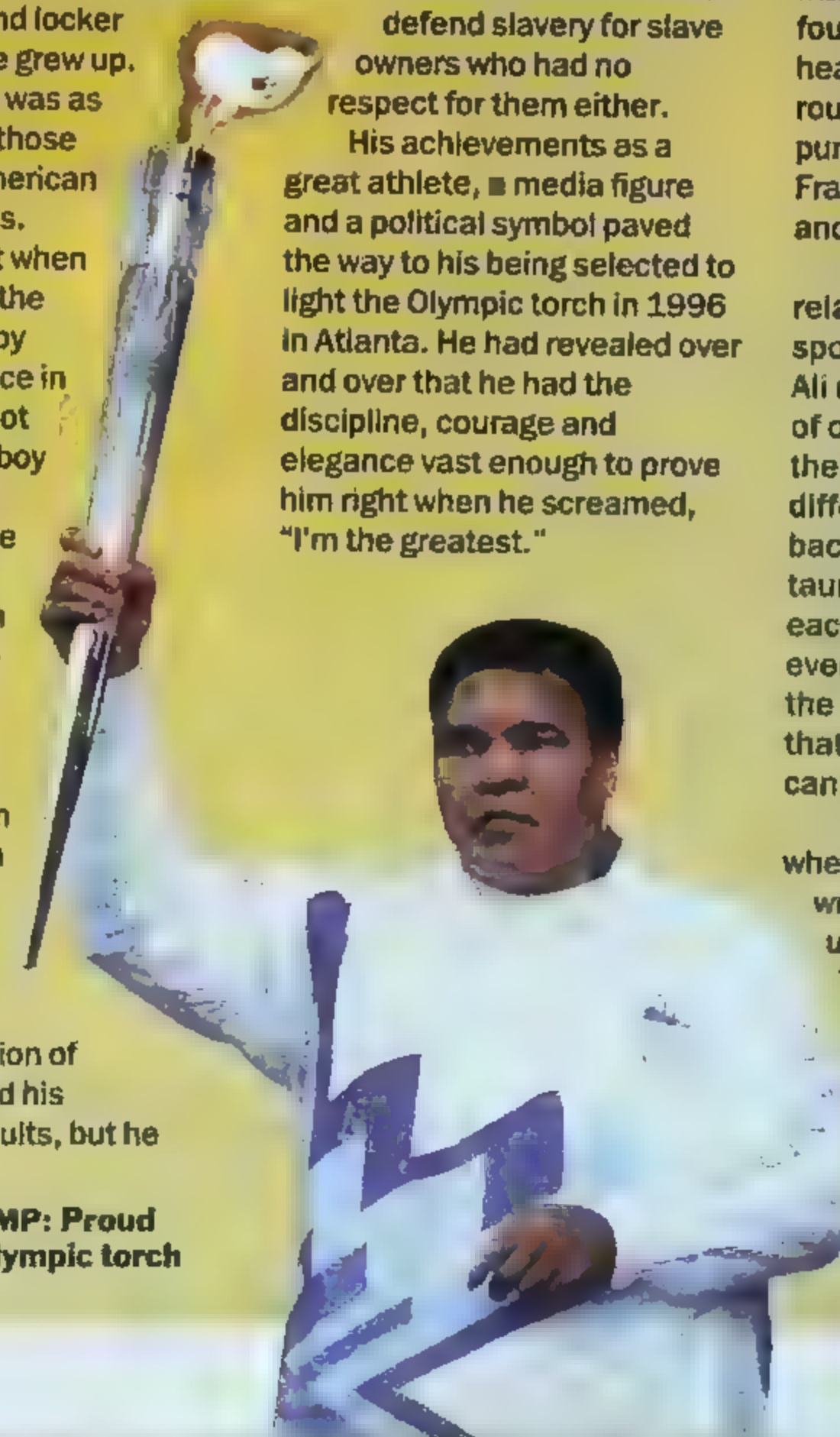
His achievements as a great athlete, a media figure and a political symbol paved the way to his being selected to light the Olympic torch in 1996 in Atlanta. He had revealed over and over that he had the discipline, courage and elegance vast enough to prove him right when he screamed, "I'm the greatest."

Not only did he take the belt from Liston, he regained his championship by defeating George Foreman in Zaire despite an earlier 31/2-year absence from the ring. In Manila in 1975, he and the magnificently noble Joe Frazier fought the greatest heavyweight fight of all time, 14 rounds of explosive leather, pure will and muscle until Frazier's eyes swelled closed and he could not meet the bell.

And finally, in his relationship with the Jewish sportscaster Howard Cosell, Ali realized the ongoing dream of our society—and perhaps of the world—that people of different colors and religious backgrounds can disagree, taunt each other, support each other and at almost every point so purely recognize the humanity of each other that a transcendent friendship can emerge.

Everything he did was big, when he was right, when he was wrong, when he embarrassed us, when he inspired us. That, finally, is why he remains a king of the world.

Essayist Stanley Crouch is the author of the novel *Don't the Moon Look Lonesome*



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ARTS & MEDIA

THE 2001 BEST AND WORST

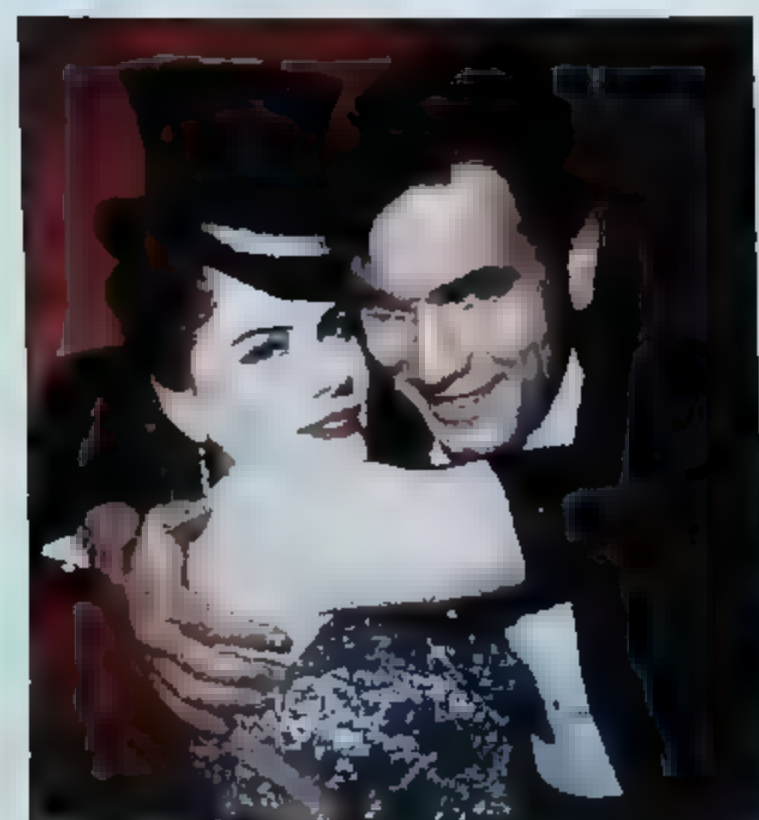
CINEMA | DESIGN | TV | MUSIC | BOOKS | THEATER | ADS | SPORT

Though the turning point for America's moral agenda is surely Sept. 11, chroniclers of the arts and other leisure activities still observe the Julian calendar. Hence our annual review of cultural events, recalled with fondness or contempt. Except for the film *Kandahar* and David Letterman's TV show, the items cited here do not relate directly to the attacks on the U.S. But they do speak to our need to look back: to Greek myths (reinvented off-Broadway), to John Adams (in a new biography), to '70s punk (rekindled by the Strokes). We also look up (at the winged victory of a Milwaukee museum) and, for therapeutic escape, look away (to the canny lunacy of *Shrek*, to Nike ads and the fierce melodrama of the 2001 World Series). Art can take us out of ourselves or deeper within. In soft times or tough, the Best will endure. And the Worst—well, the Worst is always with us. >>>>



1 Kandahar Before Sept. 11, few knew of Kandahar; few cared about the ravages of civil war and Taliban rule in Afghanistan. Now the world sees the news value in Mohsen Makhmalbaf's tale of a woman crossing the desert incognito to find her sister. Even without the headlines, this Iranian film boasts a visual and emotional magnificence. It has a painter's acute eye for beauty within horror: the gorgeous colors of the burkas that imprison Afghan women; the handsome face of a child in a Taliban school as he expertly assembles a Kalashnikov rifle; the vision of one-legged men scrambling to retrieve prostheses dropped in parachutes from a plane. This is scoop journalism and heartbreaking poetry.

2 Moulin Rouge A never-prettier Nicole Kidman entrances hungrily soulful Ewan McGregor in an orgasmic swirl of color, design and pop music from mad Aussie Baz Luhrmann. In the age of Media Cool, this recklessly romantic burst of kinetic excess offended nice sensibilities (see



next page) even as it launched other viewers into rapture. I'm with the rapt. The movie asks, *Moulin Rouge-ez avec moi ce soir?* I say, Sure. All night long.

Black Hawk Down Ridley Scott's harrowing replay of a 1993 Somali debacle for U.S. troops is pure cinema in action. In nearly two hours of relentless warfare (think of *Saving Private Ryan* without the slow bits), it shows how a director can marshal images and sounds, biography and geography, to create emotion pictures. With *Gladiator*, *Hannibal* and now this ultimate war movie, Ridley's on a roll.

4 In the Mood for Love So many affairs are like the one endured here by Maggie Cheung

and Tony Leung: furtive, guilty, leaving the ache of remorse. Hong Kong director Wong Kar-wai keeps the camera close to his actors—so close you can feel their heat and pain. Everyone is gorgeous and grieving in this threnody to erotic loss.

Mulholland Dr. David Lynch made the first 90 min. of this sexy thriller as a TV movie. When it didn't sell, Lynch added a coda that sends his characters into the weirdest Wonderland, as if *Twin Peaks* were to morph into *Blue Velvet*. It's not all intelligible, but it's always fabulous. Like the Coen brothers' excellent *The Man Who Wasn't There*, Lynch's laugh-scream of a movie dwells lusciously in the Kingdom of Noir. It ransacks old-movie style to create an avant-movie nightmare.

6 Monsters, Inc. It was a swell year for computer-generated cartoons. *Shrek* and *Monsters, Inc.* each had heart, spot-on gags and \$200 million-plus domestic grosses. But if my desert island had a giant movie theater (or a DVD player), I'd choose the latest miracle from director Pete Docter and the Pixar crowd. This is a buddy movie and a daddy movie, about two creatures who inadvertently adopt a nosy little girl. It's got pictorial dazzle and an uncommon generosity of spirit, and it ends with the sweetest, rightest shot of the movie year.

Fat Girl *Merçi*, French directors, for reminding audiences that sex, with its negotiations and lies, its beauty and messiness, its graphic, clumsy imagery, is a crucial part of the human drama. The best of a new bunch of dark, sometimes explicit French films about sex is Catherine Breillat's fable of two sisters, 12 and 15, who are rivals and comrades. Breillat juggles coming-of-age comedy with horror-tragedy in a film that lingers in the mind like the memory of a first, fatal affair.

THE WORST *Lara Croft: Tomb Raider*: Wearing a D-cup and a scowl, Angelina Jolie might seem the ideal action babe. But she's just Stallone with bigger pectorals, and she has the action hero's sadly familiar urge: to save part of the world and blow the rest up. After Sept. 11, is she an anachronism or a harbinger of Hollywood's next wave of righteous belligerence?

8 The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring It's a fantasy based on a famous series of novels... a film of eye-popping grandeur and sumptuous production values... and, unlike the recent *Harry Potter* event, it's a good movie too. In the first of a Tolkien film trilogy, director Peter Jackson lays out the Middle Earth adventure with epic brio. This solid, often stirring version stops just this side of enthrallment. But then, the grand journey has just begun.

Amélie from Montmartre A shy girl with a runaway imagination (Audrey Tautou) forces magic on all those in her Paris neighborhood. Jean-Pierre Jeunet's scurrying narrative and cinematic gamesmanship (a style that could be called faux Truffaut) may at times weary viewers used to Hollywood's burlier, spell-it-all-out mode. But give me, any day, a film that offers a groaning banquet table of invention and enchantment—and a showcase for world-class beguiler Tautou.



10 Ghost World An Amélie with attitude, teen Enid (the frighteningly assured Thora Birch) adopts orphan things and people in order to make fun of them. This daringly undarling comedy, from director Terry Zwigoff and comic writer Daniel Clowes, shows just how furtive and morose an ordeal growing up can be. It's a *Heathers* for the 9/11 Generation.

2 Black Hawk Down This is big-time, big-budget moviemaking at its best. A hugely complex re-creation of a 1993



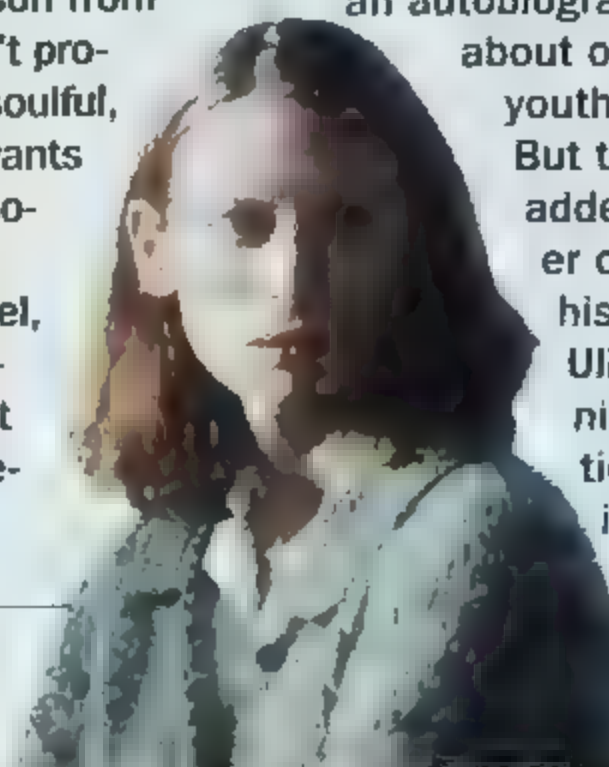
special forces fire fight in Somalia, it is masterfully orchestrated by director Ridley Scott. Brutal, bloody, breathless in pace, it shows us modern warfare's newest,

ugliest face and finally becomes, like all great war movies, an anti-war movie—at least in the beholder's savaged eye.

In the Bedroom A promising youth is stupidly murdered in a small New England town, and his parents (superbly played by Tom Wilkinson and Sissy Spacek) grapple with how their silences and evasions contributed to the crime. And with how to achieve the vengeance their troubled souls require. Director Todd Field builds patiently toward a melodramatic conclusion that's as plausible as his sympathetic evisceration of middle-class life is compelling.

4 Amores Perros Director Alejandro Gonzales Iñárritu makes the year's most exciting debut in a movie that intricately intertwines three stories about the lives of the people—and their distinctly anti-Disney dogs—involved in a car crash. Bleakly funny, his film is a deeply unsettling portrait of dangerous, beautiful Mexico City and of the human nature that shares its traits.

The Deep End It's a great twist—a woman (Tilda Swinton, right) and her blackmailer (Goran Visnjic) fall in love. She's trying to protect her son from extortion, but she can't protect herself from the soulful, vulnerable man who wants her cash. The result, co-directed by Scott McGee and David Siegel, is an elegant, romantically doomy movie that rises well above its precipitating gimmick.



6 Lantana A woman disappears after her car breaks down. A troubled cop (Anthony LaPaglia) investigates. He's soon caught up in a mystery that is less a twisting line than a series of surprisingly interlinked, steadily shrinking circles. Director Ray Lawrence and a great cast always remember that the enigmas of the human heart provide our most entrancing puzzles.

Faithless This is Ingmar Bergman's third retelling of an autobiographical fragment about one of his failed, youthful love affairs. But this time he's added a darker layer of melodrama to his screenplay; Liv Ullmann has burnished her direction with a forgiving glow, and in

Lena Endre the two have found a perfect new generation Bergman heroine—beautiful, strong and rueful.

8 With a Friend Like Harry A man who claims to be an old school pal encounters a luckless writer and his fractious family on a French highway. He sets about bettering their fortunes—an activity that requires a number of capital crimes. Director Dominik Moll exceeds Hitchcock in wry and energetic perversity in this dryly delicious movie.

All Michael Mann takes a slice out of the boxing champion's life. It's the best part—when he was stripped of his title for refusing to join the Army in the Vietnam era, then won it (and our hearts) back. One of the rare biopics that lets us make up our own minds

1 Shrek It's the donkey, dummy. He's a needy nuisance, a sweet-souled cynic, a brave coward, a bouncy optimist. In Eddie Murphy's brilliant vocal characterization, he's just the guy to lift Mike Myers' eponymous ogre out of his slough of despondency and serve as long-eared Cupid in his romance with Cameron Diaz's princess. The movie runs on his delightful spirit—and runs right past an adult's expectations for animation. We usually hope not to get too restless as we indulge the kids in their cinematic treats. But this pretty, fractured fairy tale offers us real wit—including some nice, satirical hits on the Disney tradition—while still giving the wee ones plenty of broad, silly fun.



about the subject, this is a smart movie, crafty and handsomely crafted.

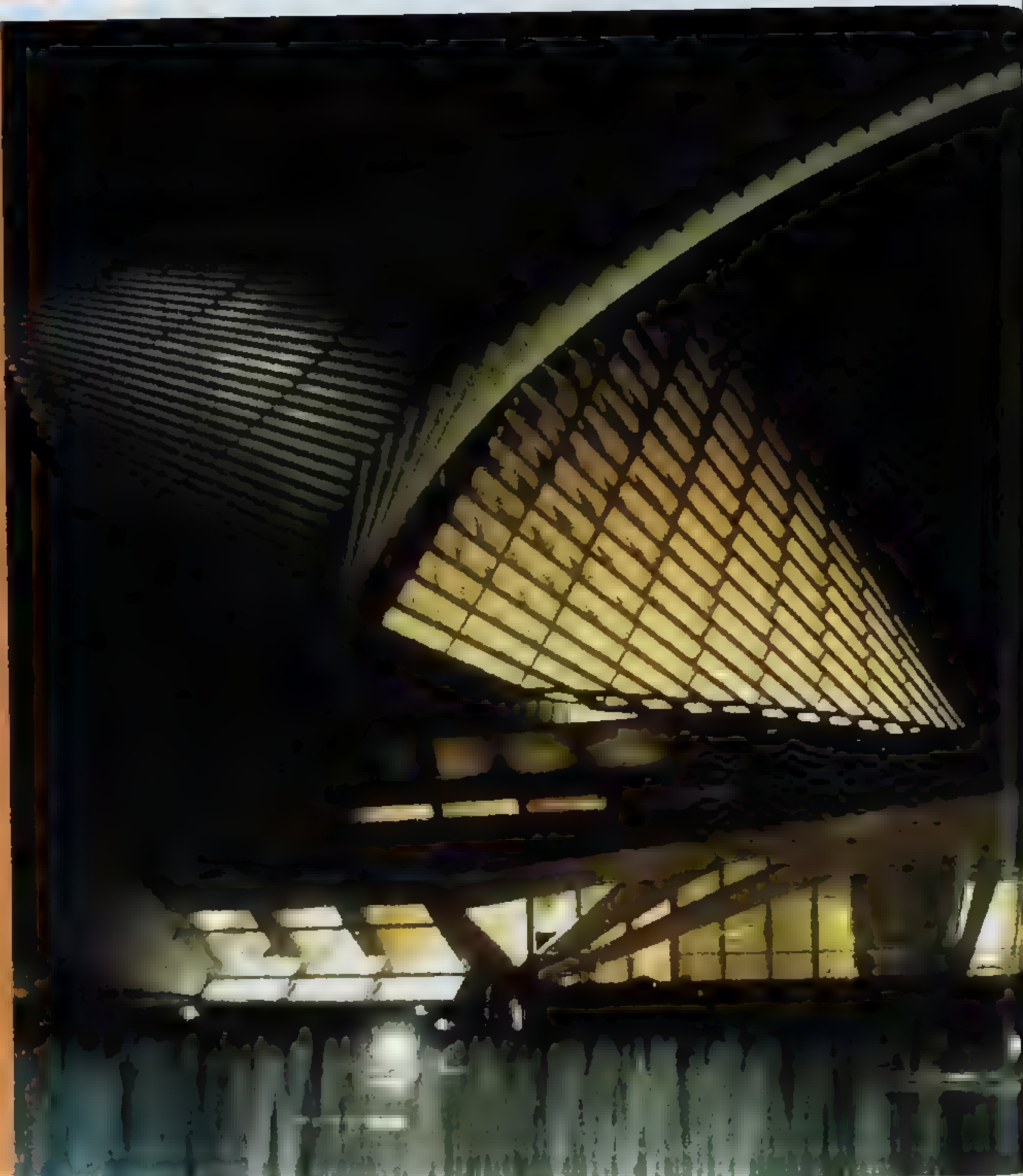
10 Liam In Depression-era England, a father loses his shipyard job, drifts into native fascism and, finally, into a tragic embrace of terrorism. Meantime his adorable young son (Anthony Barrows) struggles, with no less intensity, with the issues of growing up. Director Stephen Frears resists moralizing Dad's story or sentimentalizing the son's. The result is a tough, touching, instructive portrait of an almost lost world.

THE WORST *Moulin Rouge*: In a year of much pretentious piffle, the over-rich cake is taken by Baz Luhrmann's musical. Trying to disguise its narrative vacuity with sentiment, slams cuts and anachronistic songs, this movie made my tortured viscera beg for mercy.

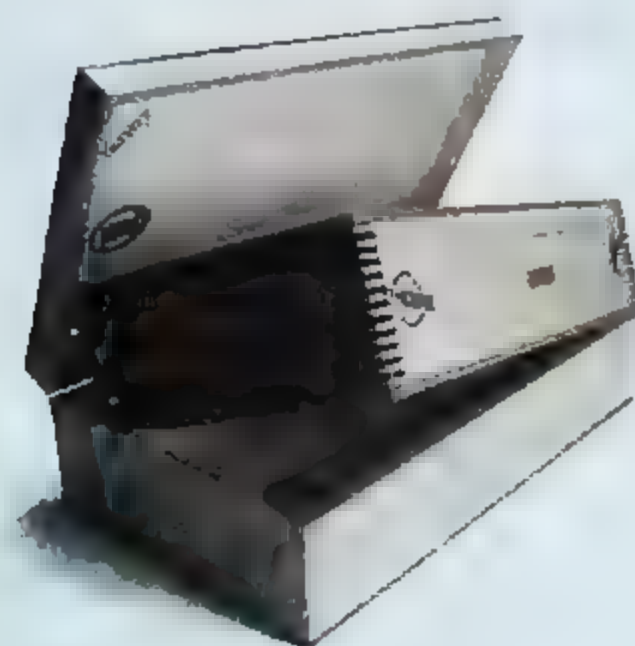
1

Milwaukee Museum of Art Addition

Throughout Europe, the Spanish engineer-architect Santiago Calatrava is famous for elegant bridges and public buildings that are descendants, in their different ways, of London's 19th century steel-and-glass Crystal Palace, the greenhouse-exhibition space that signaled the beginning of pure engineering as the new form of beauty. For his first completed work in the U.S., Calatrava provided a showstopping new addition for the Milwaukee Museum of Art. His low-slung extension is crowned by a supreme statement, the upward arc of his *brise de soleil*. It's a sunscreen with "wings" made of 72 steel-pipe ribs. They rise and fall from a diagonal spine like a bird on an ascending flight path. Technically, Calatrava's great wings are functional—when closed they shield the museum's arching skylight. In fact, their real function is pure glorious gesture, a flourish of structural brio. When opened their lovely wingspan gives the museum a stratospheric silhouette and Milwaukee a stunning new landmark.



2 **Pocket Furniture** Droog Design, the loopy but inventive Dutch design collective, was approached by Picus, the Cadillac of cigar-box manufacturers, to find new ways to use Picus' wood manufacturing know-how. Droog came up with a series of multi-purpose cabinets and boxes, all



of which fit within one another and can be arranged in multiple configurations. The containers paid homage to their smoky origin but went on fantastic flights of fancy as stamp boxes, keepsake boxes and, of course, an elaborately reinvented cigar box.

The Mini Cooper S Car designers have chosen one of two roads over the past few years: make vehicles more like trucks, or mine the archives and pull out, say, the VW Beetle or the faux-retro Chrysler PT-cruiser. But reintroducing legends can be sticky. BMW got it right with the Mini Cooper Series. The Cooper S is almost as preposterously cute as its gutsy little '60s forebear. The outsize head lamps, the twin

exhausts under the middle of the back fender and the squat little body mark it as a mini from the front and back. It's only from the side that one sees it has stretched, so it's cheerful and comfortable.



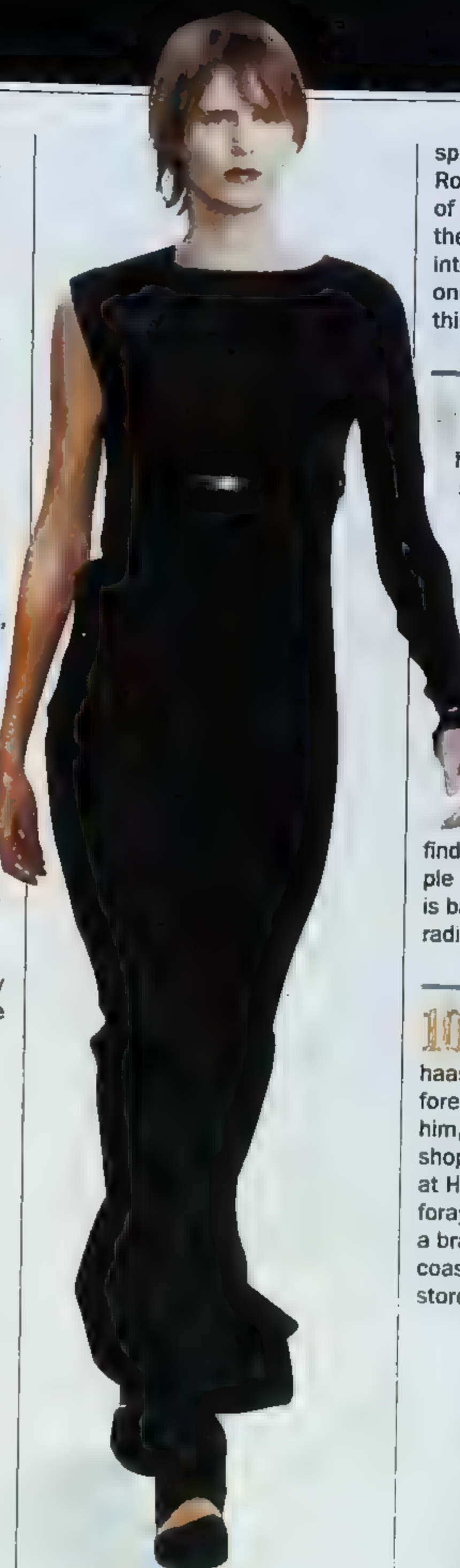
4 **American Folk Art Museum** Husband-and-wife architects Tod Williams and Billie Tsien were the perfect team for this vest-pocket New York City museum. Their famous feel for

craft and material is something that folk artists understand. But their exercises in stone, glass and ingeniously textured metals are carried out within a modernist idiom that never looks quaint or "folkloric." Who knew you could work so many delightful configurations of space and surprising vistas—plus three staircases—into a relatively small building? It's a jewel-box museum that's a jewel in itself.

5 **Sagmeister: Made You Look** Long revered among people who admire CD cover art, Sagmeister took a year off to prepare this book. It worked. There are cute tricks, like the red plastic cover, which, when removed, reveals hidden, much less cheerful pictures and text. But there is substance too. Sagmeister, who once carved words into his body and photographed it for a poster (grisly results on page 190), bravely shows bad work as well as good and annotates it all in his spidery handwriting. This makes it, unlike most graphic-design books, a good read as well.

6 **Moulin Rouge** When they write the definitive history of eye candy, Baz Luhrmann's pin-wheeling, voluptuous movie should get its own chapter. Art director Catherine Martin reimagined the famous Montmartre nightclub as something like Pee-wee's Playhouse in Gotham City, stuffed to bursting with bright ideas and dark corners. The inspirations came from everywhere—fashion photography, the technicolor "Paris" of old Hollywood, the Bhagavad Gita. Plus there's a boudoir-in-an-elephant!

Helmut Lang Dress What's a young fashionista who doesn't want to look too frivolous to wear these days? Helmut Lang made a fascinating suggestion in his fall 2001 collection. The dress, which he did in long and short, black and white, and with and without the "holster" (the leather band around the shoulder and ribs), manages to be both austere and sexy and serious and glamorous. Clearly it's a look that will be

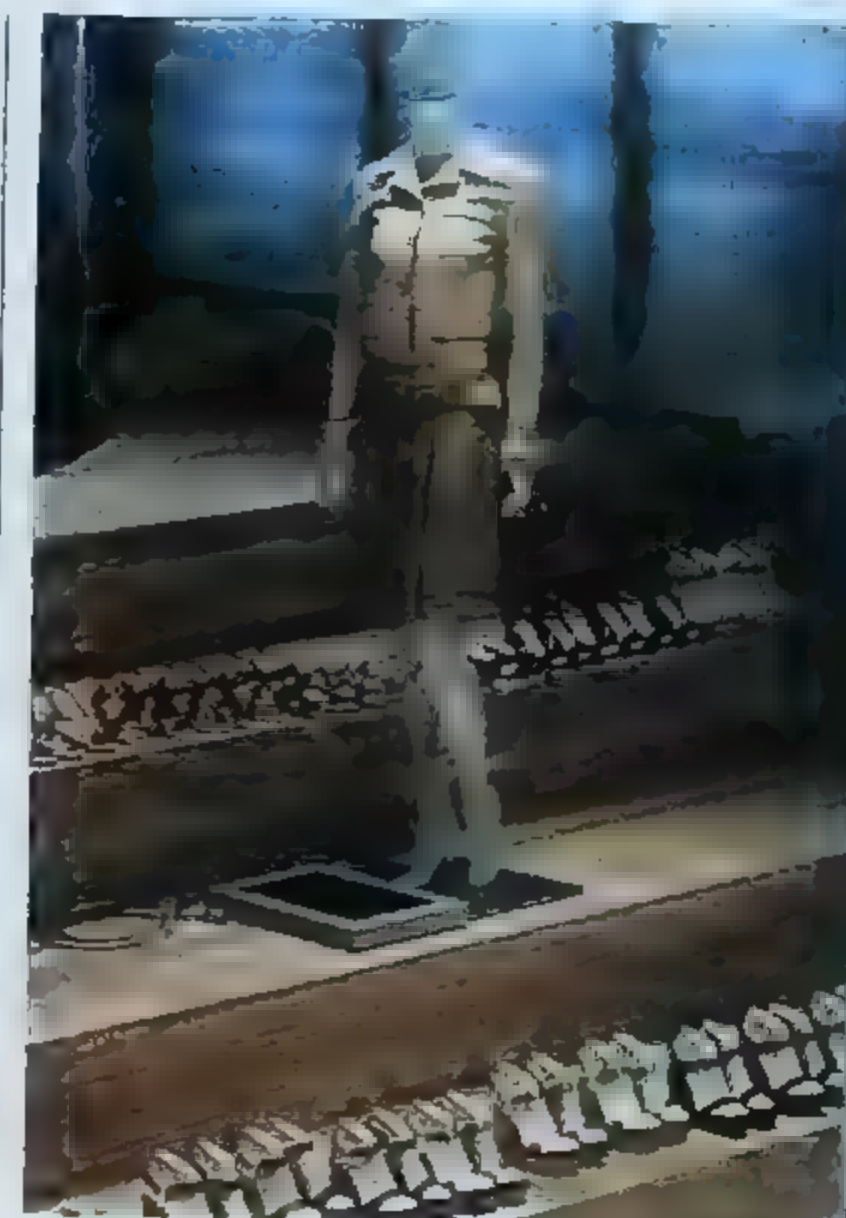


most appreciated, as all Lang's garments are, by the fashion cognoscenti, but it's also one that any reasonably confident woman (with great triceps) could wear.

8 **The "Go" Chair** One of this year's most heavily promoted design debuts was Go, the world's first chair in magnesium, a metal lighter than aluminum. For a humble stacking chair it wasn't cheap—\$700 and up—but Go has a lot going for it. The

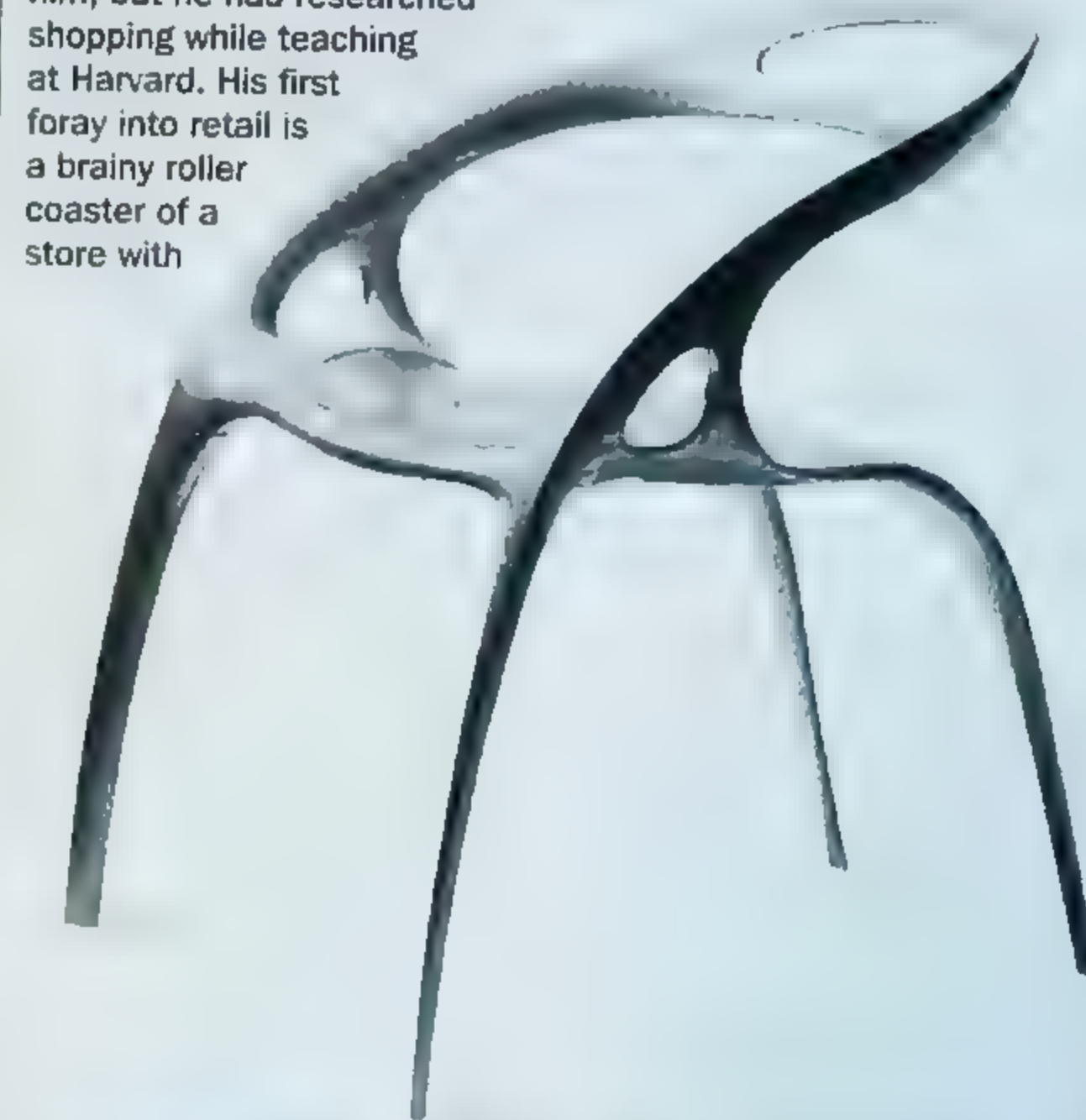
spindly silhouette by designer Ross Lovegrove has the glamour of liquid mercury. Just sitting, the thing looks like it's launching into warp drive. An overhyped one-season wonder? We think this chair has legs.

Diablo Radio With all the advances the past few years have seen in technology, consumer electronics has no excuse for being boring. The good folks at Lexon, as well as nearly the entire population of Japan, have long understood this. The hourglass-shaped Diablo radio, designed by Elise Berthier, has no switches. You swivel the top half to turn on the power and increase the volume. You swivel the bottom half to find your favored station. It's simple and satisfying. And if the news is bad, you can always look to the radio to give you a smile.



a precipitous dip, moving carriages of clothes and magic mirrors that let you see front and back at the same time. The dressing rooms alone, with glass doors that frost over at the touch of a button and a closet that transmits information about your chosen garment onto a screen, will make this a must-stop shop.

10 **Prada Epicenter Store, New York City** Rem Koolhaas had never done a store before Miuccia Prada approached him, but he had researched shopping while teaching at Harvard. His first foray into retail is a brainy roller coaster of a store with



THE WORST Ripping off the N.Y.P.D. and F.D.N.Y. logos. After Sept. 11, hats, T-shirts and jackets bearing the logo of the New York City police or fire departments were worn everywhere as a show of support. But most of these garments were not licensed, so profits from their sale didn't go to fire-fighter or police charities, but to whoever produced them fastest.

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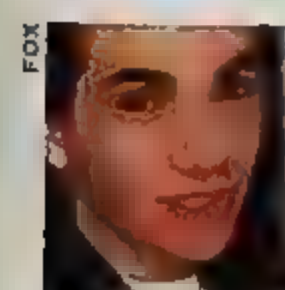
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BEST OF 2001

TELEVISION

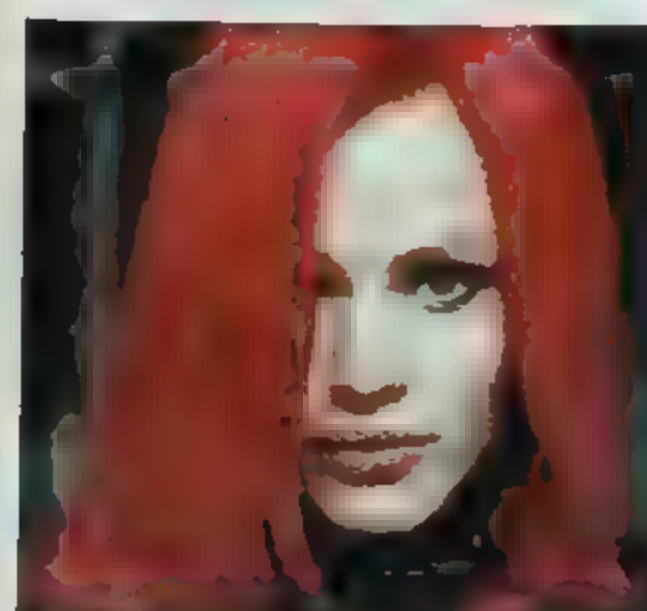
2 HBO's Sunday night Some of its efforts were mixed (*Band of Brothers*) or complete misses (*The Mind of the Married Man*). But with strong additions *Six Feet Under* and *Project Greenlight*, returning stalwarts *Oz*, *Curb Your Enthusiasm* and Emmy-winning *Sex and the City* and an utterly transcendent third season of *The Sopranos*, the cable network laid claim to the true must-see—albeit must-pay-to-see—night of TV.

3 Undeclared (Fox) The characters are freshmen, but the comedy is far from sophomoric. Producer Judd Apatow (of the much mounded high-school drama



Freaks and Geeks) got a well-deserved, and more commercial, second chance with this college sitcom. *Undeclared*, starring Jay Baruchel, above, takes the eccentric sensibility of *Freaks* and applies it to smart, sharply observed coming-of-age stories of self-discovery, romance and beer.

4 Conspiracy (HBO) In a year of high-profile Holocaust dramas (ABC's *Anne Frank*, NBC's *Uprising*), an understated movie about a meeting in which Hitler's lieutenants planned the Final Solution outdid them all. Not a shot was fired, but the cool bureaucratism with which these officials rationalized mass murder showed how language can be humankind's most insidious weapon.



Alias (ABC) Sydney Bristow (Jennifer Garner, below left) is a waifish grad student who looks as if you could knock her over with a heavy textbook. And she's a karate-kicking, gadget-wielding double agent. Ridiculous? Yes, and wonderful. Revelling in '60s spy chic, this stylish, turbocharged and emotionally charged CIA serial grew more addictively complicated, involving and suspenseful with each episode.

6 Junkyard Wars (TLC) Comedy Central's robot-war show *BattleBots* has the testosterone and buxom babes. But this U.K.-



1 David Letterman's post-Sept. 11 return Irony was dead, they said. Humor was unseemly. And late-night comics, those unacknowledged legislators of America, no longer had anything to say to us. Yet it took a late-night comic to voice, movingly and indelibly, how we felt. "We're told [the terrorists] were zealots fueled by religious fervor," said the subdued but resilient host. "If you live to be a thousand years old, will that make any sense to you? Will that make any goddam sense?" And just as important, he—and his counterparts at *The Daily Show*, *South Park* and *Late Night with Conan O'Brien*—gradually came back from comedy's self-imposed mourning period to show that topical, cutting satire wasn't just appropriate; it was downright American.

Imported engineering challenge has the real geek appeal. Turning teams of amiable tinkerers loose to build hydroplanes, rockets and the like out of scrap parts, it combines good-natured competition with just enough pseudo education that you don't have to feel guilty for not watching *Nova* instead.

Pasadena (Fox) Under-promoted and endlessly pre-empted, Fox's twisted rich-family saga is harder to find than Dick Cheney's secret secure location. But intrepid viewers are rewarded with a great cast (including Dana Delany, Martin Donovan and Philip Baker Hall) in a darkly funny story of a powerful media clan with a skeleton—perhaps literally—in its walk-in closet. Not everything in *Pasadena*, we learned, smells like roses.

8 The Bernie Mac Show (Fox) On network TV, it turns out, you still cannot say motherf---. In every other respect, however, this fresh sitcom stays true to the foul-mouthed Original King of Comedy's riotous stand-up voice. Playing a comic (surprise, surprise) who takes in his sister's troubled kids, the gruff, unsentimental but likable Mac takes the cuddly out of family comedy.

9 "Once More, with Feeling," Buffy the Vampire Slayer (UPN) You could apply the title of this audacious musical episode to the whole season of *Buffy*, which survived an acrimonious move from the WB to return smarter, funnier and dramatically richer than ever. Who'd have thought creator Joss Whedon (who taught himself piano to write the episode's surprisingly tuneful score, as well as the nimble lyrics) studied his Sondheim along with his sarcophagi?

10 24 (Fox) Even before the war made heroes out of CIA agents, this thriller was the talk of TV. Deservedly so: its pulse-pounding premise (a counterterrorist agent—Kiefer Sutherland, below—has 24 hours to stop an assassination), gimmick (each episode is one hour in real time) and look (a split screen is used to relate concurrent story lines) made its pilot the most exciting of the year. Some later episodes had a draggy, shaggy-dog quality, but at its best, 24 had us counting the seconds.



THE WORST The *West Wing*'s terrorism episode. With the best post-Sept. 11 intentions, one of TV's finest dramas indulged in its worst tendencies: preachiness, speechifying and condescension. As its characters lectured a high school class about terrorism, the show figuratively and patronizingly reduced its audience to schoolchildren who needed a lesson.



1 The Strokes *Is This It* (RCA) It's impossible to listen to this album without noting all the '70s punk/pop acts being ripped off left and right. It's also impossible to resist nodding your head and singing along. The Strokes may be derivative—of the Velvet Underground, Television, David Bowie and many others—but to borrow a phrase from Courtney Love, they fake it so real, they are beyond fake. *Is This It* is full of great guitar hooks, dry pop lyrics (“Alone we stand, together we fall apart/I think I’ll be all right”) and old-fashioned rock-'n'-roll attitude. Lead singer Julian Casablancas, 23, is in the middle of it all, radiating a stylish, premature weariness that no doubt makes his dad, Elite modeling kingpin John Casablancas, a proud papa. Who cares if the Strokes didn't invent their sound, as long as they perfected it?

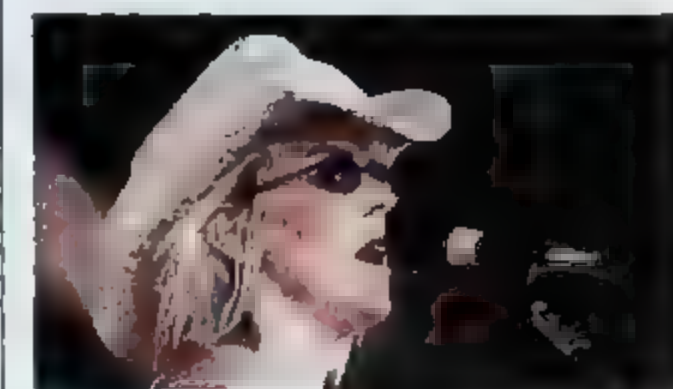
2 Marc Anthony *Libre* (Sony Discos/Columbia) Even when Marc Anthony sings English-language pop, his heart seems to pound with a Latin rhythm. Here he returns to Spanish-language salsa, the genre that made him a superstar. Anthony's sonic palette has broadened: these songs are adorned with musical touches from around the world, including tango-style accordions and Andean flutes.

System of a Down *Toxicity* (Columbia) In a year filled with screaming nu-metal acts, this band screams loudest and most eloquently. Front man Serj Tankian has a soaring voice, but as he demonstrates on stand-outs *Chop Suey!* and *Forest*, he knows how to modulate, sounding like an angry cantor one moment and a choir boy the next. Guitarist Daron Malakian backs it all up with a fierce wall of fuzz.

4 Ryan Adams *Gold* (Lost Highway) There's an aroma of the young, freewheeling Bob Dylan in the organ and acoustic-guitar textures beloved by this urban folk rocker. On his lyric sheet, word games take a back-

seat to riffs on love, youth and empty pockets. Boomers nostalgic for their hitchhiking days, as well as their children thumbing a ride to the city for the first time, will find something to get weepy over.

Olu Dara *Neighborhoods* (Atlantic) The cometist-guitarist-vocalist makes music that doesn't just grow on you; it grows around you, locking you in an inescapable embrace, like an oak tree that's knotted around a fence. Once his magical blend of jazz and blues gets hold of the listener, there's no escape—and no wanting to leave. Dara, who has played sideman to jazz greats, has become a master.



6 Lucinda Williams *Essence* (Lost Highway) Country's most lauded poet turns down the volume and comes up with a slow, soft album about dark places in the soul. In songs that range from meditations on obses-

sive relationships to backwoods-style religious devotions, she exposes emotions many listeners keep inside and spins them into music other songwriters wish they had in them. Absolutely essential.

Valery Gergiev/Kirov Orchestra *The Rite of Spring* (Philips) Igor Stravinsky's clamorous ballet score has now received a quintessentially Russian recording: violent, brazen, full of all the blunt power of passionate peasant ritual. Gergiev has been making a big impression as principal guest conductor of New York City's Metropolitan Opera, and this CD leaves no doubt why.

Aterciopelados *Gozo Poderoso* (BMG/U.S. Latin) Musical mavericks often reject the past; this Colombian electro-rock duo is dragging its traditions into the present, marinating its songs in South American rhythms, including cumbia (a hot, syncopated dance music) and vallenato (a sweet accordion-led genre). This is an album that edifies even as it enchants.

Dolly Parton *Little Sparrow* (Sugar Hill) Although lumped with the bluegrass revival, Parton's album sports little of the preciousness associated with most nouveau blue. On tradi-

tional tunes and unconventional ones (Collective Soul's *Shine*, Cole Porter's *I Get a Kick Out of You*), Parton tests bluegrass's elasticity—but gently. The whole album sounds fresh and playful.

10 Aaliyah *Aaliyah* (Blackground) A siren of subtlety, never wailing when a whisper would do, she blended genres with alluring ease. For her, hip-hop/soul and muted alternative rock came together as easily as lovers interlocking fingers. A plane crash claimed Aaliyah's life in August, but on her last CD her soul is forever in flight.



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THE WORST Michael Jackson. It was supposed to be the new, relevant M.J., but *Invincible* arrived with the same shots: the paparazzi, cheesy rap cameos and creepy children's choirs in the background that marked his decline. Jackson did break some ground, shattering the record for artistic egomania by holding two tribute concerts to himself in September.

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BOOKS

BEST OF 2001



SPENCER GREEN/AP

1 FICTION
Empire Falls Forty-year-old Miles Roby seems to be one of life's born losers. Or are his problems self-made? He manages a decrepit restaurant in the dying Maine burg of Empire Falls—the place he was born and feels helpless to

leave—in the wan hope of inheriting it from the widow who owns it. The limited social circles available condemn him to repeated and unpleasant meetings with his ex-wife's obnoxious boyfriend. He has lost parental control of his bright but troubled teenage daughter. Why doesn't he pack up and start somewhere new? In answering that question, Richard Russo's richly textured novel not only offers an enthralling and sometimes scary portrait of small-town life but also reveals a dignity, unexpected yet totally convincing, in its beleaguered hero.

2 True History of the Kelly Gang Ned Kelly, an Australian outlaw who was eventually captured, tried and hanged for murder in 1880, still remains a Down Under hero and legend. He left behind some papers, which Australian-born author Peter Carey deftly incorporates into an exculpatory fictional autobiography of enormous imaginative power, the story of a normally flawed man driven to desperate acts for the sake, ultimately thwarted, of self-defense.

Hateship, Friendship, Courtship, Loveship, Marriage The nine tales assembled under this long title again demonstrate Canadian author Alice Munro's thorough mastery of the short story. All of them are touched, in one way or another, by the specter of death, a topic that Munro's skill makes surprisingly lively.



4 Peace Like a River This engaging first novel, set in the early 1960s, follows the Land family—father Jeremiah; son Reuben, 11; and daughter Swede, 9—as they try to track down eldest son, Davy, 17, who has been convicted of murder but escaped from jail. Their trek occasions some literally miraculous events, and author Leif Enger makes the preposterous plausible and good fun.



The Corrections It's a pity that Jonathan Franzen's dust-up with Oprah—she chose his novel for her book club; he expressed some ill-advised reservations—has overshadowed what he wrote, for his saga about a dysfunctional family has accomplished something rare: a mix of high literary ambitions with reader friendliness.



1 NONFICTION
John Adams The second U.S. President lacked the charisma of such fellow Founding Fathers as George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin (and who didn't?), but David McCullough's sprightly, magisterial biography makes a strong case for John Adams' importance, both to his contemporaries and to posterity. Sensible, independent, rather prim, Adams was among the first to advocate American independence, and he displayed a crucial steadying hand during his four years as Chief Executive while the toddling Republic stretched beyond baby steps. Filled with fascinating people, momentous events, shrewd insights and excerpts from letters between Adams and his wife Abigail, *John Adams* is a marvelous singing of a hero historically unsung.



4 Seabiscuit Why are there so few good biographies of horses? Well, never mind, here's one. The main character was an improbable racing champion: undersized, injury prone and ridden by a one-eyed jockey. Yet Seabiscuit captured America's heart, which pounded harder when he faced War Admiral in a showdown in 1938. Seabiscuit won, and Laura Hillenbrand does too with her deft blending of racing lore and social history.



2 How I Came Into My Inheritance No memoir about caring for elderly parents is quite like this one, a piercingly funny book without a joke in it. Dorothy Gallagher opens with the sickroom of Bella and Izzy, her Russian-Jewish mother and father, then takes their stories backward in time through the chapters of the American immigrant experience. No filial whining, just keen observations and a steady affection.



Carry Me Home A white native of Birmingham, Ala., Diane McWhorter was 10 in 1963, roughly the same age as the four black girls killed in her hometown's notorious church bombing. Her adult questions about her father's hostility toward the civil rights movement has led to a comprehensive, fast-paced history of that era and its tangled racial animosities.



President Nixon: Alone in the White House Those who feel they can't bear to read another word about perhaps the most peculiar man ever to occupy the White House should think again. Richard Reeves sifted mountains of evidence in an attempt to get inside the President's skin. This approach works wonders. Nixon haters will still hate him, but they and less partisan readers will come away from the book feeling they have lived a portion of Nixon's life.



THE WORST *Artemis Fowl*. With no new Harry Potter novel scheduled this year, publishers worldwide bet \$1.5 million in advances that Irish schoolteacher Eoin Colfer's creation would fill the vacuum. His titular hero was no boy wizard but a creepy kid detective who stole from fairies. *Foul Fowl*.

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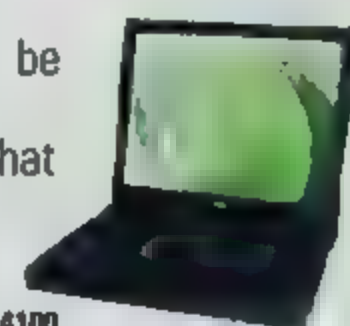
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THEATER

1 A wading pool takes up nearly the entire stage. Ten actors—some dressed in togas, others in modern-day suits—jump in and out of it to re-enact the myths of Ovid. There's Phaeton and his chariot; Midas (in the chair) and his daughter; Orpheus and his underworld voyage. Writer-director Mary Zimmerman's lovely, deeply affecting work (an off-Broadway hit moving to Broadway in March) recaptures the primal allure of the theater—it's fake; isn't it wonderful? Us low-tech ingenuity and a text that modern theater can provide not just escape but some



King Hedley II August Wilson's brand of big windy social drama is out of vogue right now, but he's still at the top of his game. In this, the eighth of his 20th century cycle, the residents of a ghetto neighborhood in Pittsburgh struggle against the social and economic realities of the Reagan '80s. A great cast, including Brian Stokes Mitchell, right, and Tony Award-winner Viola Davis, luxuriated in Wilson's impassioned language.



2 Topdog/Underdog A reformed street hustler, who now makes a living playing Abraham Lincoln in an arcade, shares a seedy room with his brother, who calls himself Booth. No point in trying to figure out the symbolism; just revel in Suzan-Lori Parks' haunting, fractured world of losers and even bigger losers. Jeffrey Wright and Don Cheadle (in an all too short off-Broadway run that could reach Broadway next year) gave riveting performances in one of Parks' strongest plays.

amateur had help from some talented pros, especially director Susan Stroman, who serves up show stopper after show stopper, and Nathan Lane (with Matthew Broderick, left), a Max Bialystock even Zero Mostel would have loved.

finish, the other from finish to start. Daisy Prince's inventive production opened at Chicago's Northlight Theater and will face the New York critics early next year.

4 The Glory of Living "He's mean," says the young girl of the man who has kidnapped her. "He is?" replies the man's abused teenage wife and partner in crime. No social critic could express with more eloquence or economy the plight of the white-trash couple Rebecca Gilman chronicles in her deadpan, slice-of-lowlife drama. This 1997 play, having its New York premiere in a fine production directed by Philip Seymour Hoffman and starring Anna Paquin, is a stunner.

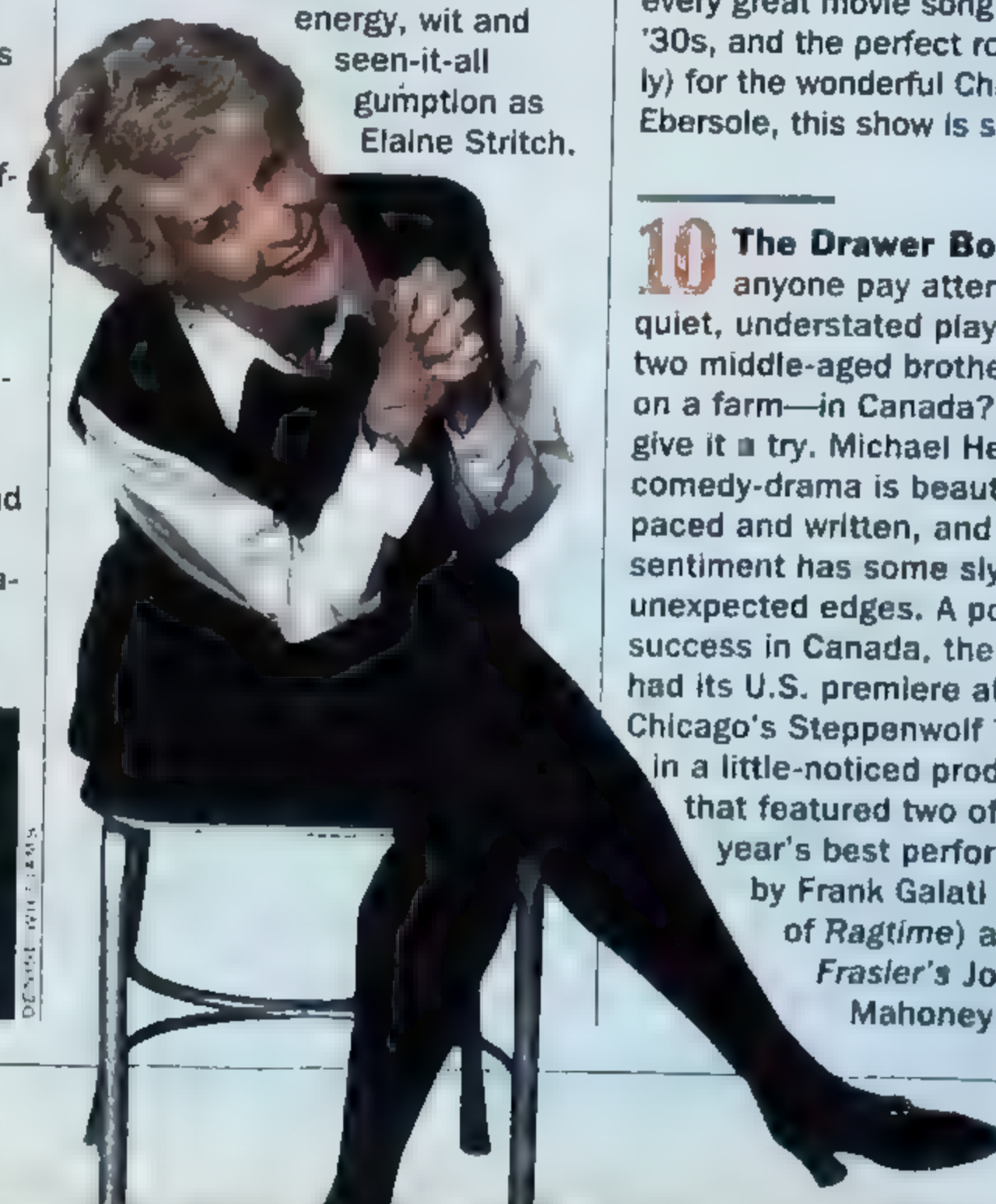


The Producers Perhaps you've heard of it? Mel Brooks' first crack at a Broadway musical looks like it will run forever. And maybe it deserves to. Of course, the 75-year-old

The Last Five Years Composer-lyricist Jason Robert Brown (*Parade*) does his best work to date in this melodic and elegantly crafted chamber musical, in which a couple simultaneously tell the story of their relationship—one from start to

THE WORST *The Play About the Baby.* Edward Albee, one of our finest playwrights, seems to be running on empty in this pretentious recycling of worn-out themes (old couple vs. young couple; a baby that may be imaginary) with theater-of-the-absurd devices that grew stale years ago. Two more Albee plays are due off-Broadway next year: it's only up from here.

6 Elaine Stritch at Liberty Do we really need another one-woman show in which a crusty Broadway trouser recounts her show-biz war stories while belting out Sondheim and Berlin standards? Yes, if she has enlisted as artful a collaborator as *New Yorker* theater critic John Lahr and can still perform, at age 76, with as much energy, wit and seen-it-all gumption as Elaine Stritch.



42nd Street Broadway wasn't exactly clamoring for a revival so soon of Gower Champion's 1980 musical, based on the 1933 movie. But with thousands of tapping feet, a score brimming with seemingly every great movie song from the '30s, and the perfect role (finally) for the wonderful Christine Ebersole, this show is sheer joy.

10 The Drawer Boy Will anyone pay attention to a quiet, understated play about two middle-aged brothers living on a farm—in Canada? Oh, let's give it a try. Michael Healey's comedy-drama is beautifully paced and written, and the sentiment has some sly and unexpected edges. A popular success in Canada, the play had its U.S. premiere at Chicago's Steppenwolf Theater in a little-noticed production that featured two of the year's best performances, by Frank Galati (director of *Ragtime*) and Frasier's John Mahoney.

ADVERTISING

BEST
OF
2001

2 BMW, The Hire In five short online films by directors including Ang Lee and Guy Ritchie, a chauffeur undertakes different missions. The common thread: spare story lines, action, high production values ... oh, and the car. BMW aimed the pricey campaign at computer-addicted upscale buyers. For everyone else, it was reason to shell out—for high-speed Internet hookups.

3 Gap, Give Your Gift Having hot musicians (Sheryl Crow, Macy Gray, Shaggy) sing about giving of yourself—so you'll give your business to the Gap—would be dicey any year, much less after Sept. 11. Yet once again, the retailer's holiday ads were culturally pitch-perfect. On a stark set, the singers, covering Supertramp's plangent Give a Little Bit, gave a little uplift to a Christmas season that needed it.

4 The New York Miracle After Sept. 11, New York City's most recognizable faces joined in a series of fanciful spots to bring visitors back to Gotham. The inspired sleight of



hand—Woody Allen executing a professional ice-skating routine in Rockefeller Center, Henry Kissinger belly-sliding into home plate at Yankee Stadium—reminded

us all that New York is a city where the impossible is possible.

AI Web-marketing campaign Love the Spielberg movie or hate it, this stealth campaign for the robo-Pinocchio story was popcorn entertainment itself. A network of websites spun a complex murder mystery, never mentioning the movie's plot or its main characters, but hardwiring curious surfers into AI's fictional future world.

THE WORST Pop-under ads. Do these obnoxious, ubiquitous online ads really sell anyone a low-interest credit card or "the amazing XCam2!" wireless camera? Search us. But these rapidly proliferating ad windows, leaping onto screens unasked for, turn Web browsing into an annoying game of digital whack-a-mole. That's not selling; that's mugging.



1 Nike, Freestyle Was it a commercial? Was it a music video? And did anybody care? These breathtaking TV spots, a 2½-minute extended version of which ran on MTV, barely mentioned the product, except for a flash of the swoosh logo. Instead, against a spare backdrop, they showed expert dribblers dexterously pounding basketballs and executing trick maneuvers. Call it basketball. The squeak of their soles and the thump of rubber provided a primal, trance-inducing soundtrack (with some help from hip-hop legend Afrika Bambaataa). The message: Sport is music. Sport is dance. Sport is art. And so was this ad.

6 Lipton, Sizzle and Stir "When you cook," said commercials for this prefab meal kit, "you're a family." And what a family! In one of the spots, surreally cast with a potpourri of midlist celebs, "Mom" Sally Jessy Raphael and "Dad" Chuck Woolery fuss in the kitchen, while the "kids," squabbling over setting the table, turn out to be Pat Morita and Little Richard. Does that dinner mix come in tutti frutti?

E*Trade, Monkey II At Super Bowl 2000, in the glory year of the dotcom ads, the online trader proudly blew \$2 million on a spot featuring a dancing monkey. At Super Bowl 2001, the monkey rode through a ghost town littered with the graves of "Tieclasp.com,"

"Pimentoloaf.com"—and the lifeless body of a familiar-looking sock puppet. At least the Internet boom could laugh at its own funeral.

8 Reebok, Women Defy They're not quite strong. They're hardly invincible. They are ... men. In spots that upend the male-female sports dynamic, male dancers shake their booties at a women's basketball game, female body-builders laugh at a feeble guy at the gym, and Missy Elliott raps, "It's a woman's world." Hear her roar.

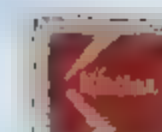
Kate Spade print campaign Art photographer Tierney Gearon shot an upscale suburban couple frolicking with their kids in scenes that are idyllic—almost. Mom bundles her son into a car as a crow glares in the foreground. The kids dress up, half cute, half menacing, in devil costumes. It's a haunting defla-

tion of our myths of the innocuousness of childhood.

10 The Victoria's Secret Fashion Show As a play for viewers, it was pretty transparent. (So was the clothing.) As advertising, it was a coup: over 12 million (more than half of them women) watched what amounted to an hour-long underwear ad on ABC.



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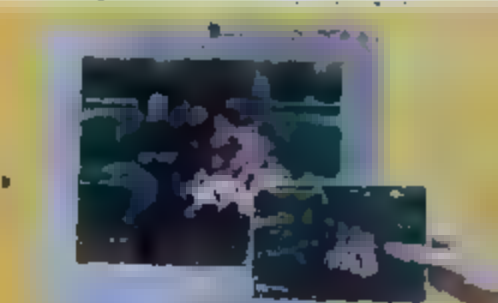
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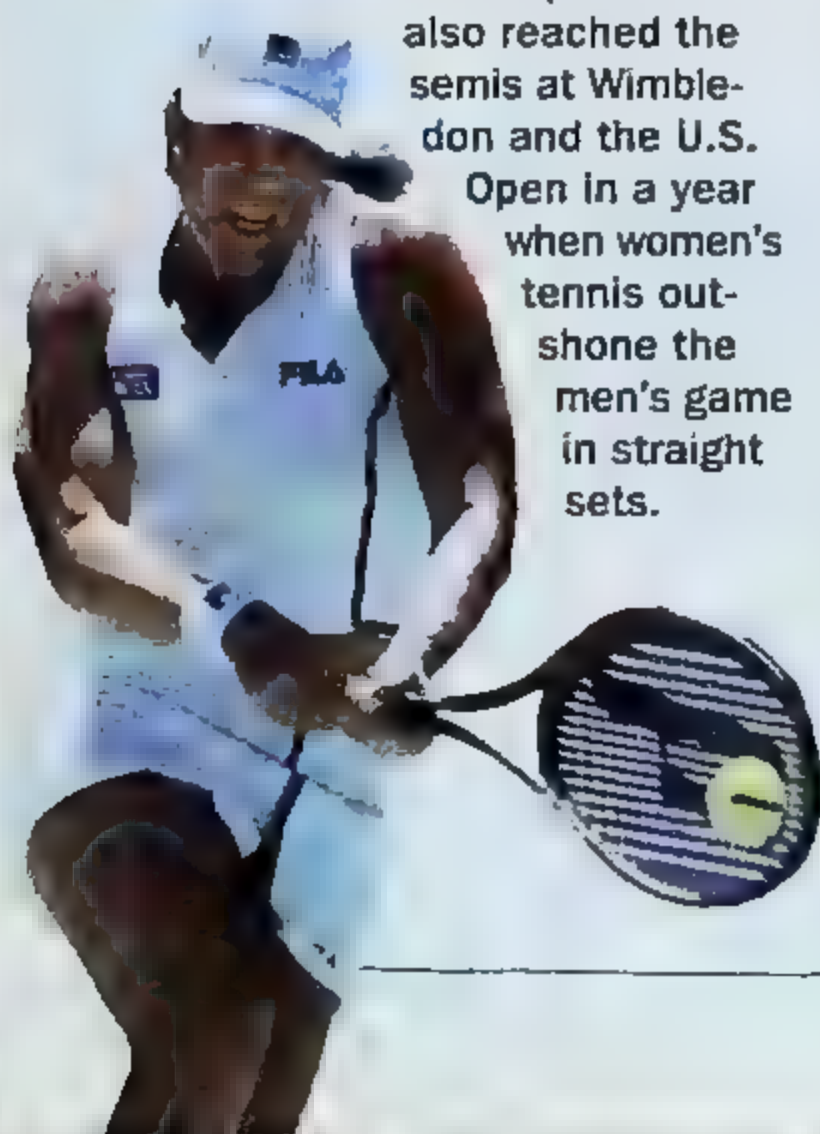


1

The World Series. If baseball were this great all the time, Bud Selig wouldn't be trying to shrink the league. With Manhattan smoldering, the Yankees bore the city's pain and pride to the Bronx and won three games there, snatching two with midnight dramatics. No sentimental ending, though. The Arizona Diamondbacks' spectacular pitching duo of Curt Schilling and Randy Johnson numbed Yankee bats in Phoenix, while a seventh-game, bottom-of-the-ninth rally provided a classic, and deserved, triumph for the home team.

2 Lance Armstrong. After spotting the competition an Alp or deux, Armstrong blew past them with a lung-searing, spirit-crushing sprint up Alpe d'Huez to set up his third straight Tour de France victory, all this after recovering from cancer. The U.S. Postal Service rider was 23rd at the beginning of the mountain stages, first at the end, pausing only long enough to look back at the vanquished.

3 Jennifer Capriati. A decade after teenage stardom and seven years after her arrested adolescence got her cited for shoplifting and busted for marijuana possession, a disciplined, fit Capriati smashed her way back to the top. She began the year with a stunning upset in the Australian Open and a few months later took the French Open. She also reached the semis at Wimbledon and the U.S. Open in a year when women's tennis outshone the men's game in straight sets.



4 Barry Bonds. Home-run inflation robbed him of some of the attention he deserved, so let's refocus: his 73 dingers for the San Francisco Giants is one of the greatest performances in baseball's long history. He also set the record for walks and slugging percentage, held by one George Herman Ruth. With Mark McGwire retired, and the great Sammy Sosa stuck in the mid-60s, this home-run record won't be broken by anyone else anytime soon.

Mario Lemieux. First he bought the team out of bankruptcy, then he saved it. Owner Lemieux, a done-deal Hall of Famer and a cancer survivor with a bad back, came out of retirement to revive personally the sputtering Pittsburgh Penguins. Super Mario led them into the conference finals. Now that's management.

6 Dale Earnhardt Jr. He got behind the wheel of a race car the week after his father—the NASCAR legend, the Intimidator—died in a crash that stunned the nation. Then, in July, he returned to the same Daytona speedway where the crash had occurred to win the first of three races on the year. "One day soon [my] team will headline this joint," noted Earnhardt Jr., sounding just like Pop.

7 Tiger Woods. He won "only" one of the Majors this year, outdueling David Duval and Phil Mickelson to take his second Masters title. That marked Woods' fourth consecutive victory in a Major—he won the U.S. and



British Opens and PGA Championship last year—a string no other golfer has ever put together.

8 Erik Weihenmayer. There are no handicapped-parking zones on Mount Everest. Weihenmayer became the first sightless person to reach the 29,035-ft. (8,850-m) summit. A good athlete, he turned to climbing after

losing his sight as a young teenager. The trek required him, with the help of his team, to negotiate ladder bridges over bottomless crevices and ascend a peak that kills even the most able mountaineers.

Baltimore Ravens. They surrendered points the way Florida did Gore votes. MVP Ray Lewis led a ferocious defense that stuffed the New York Giants in a Super Bowl rout, 34-7. That's the same kind of generosity the stingy Ravens showed the rest of league during the season. With their modest offense, they needed to keep other teams off the board, and they did, holding opponents to a record-low 165 points.

10 Football Fans. The NFL's spectacular failure was a victory for authentic sports and a warning to the WWF and NBC, its founding partners, that even bloodsport fans have standards. They promised us smashmouth football; we got trashmouth football: narrated by Minnesota Governor Jesse Ventura and played by buffoons. Hooray for football fans who tackled this one for a loss.

THE WORST Little League World Series: The star pitcher was a ringer. No wonder Danny Almonte was head and shoulders above the other kids: he was two years older. Thus his Rolando Paulino All-Star team from the Bronx got the heave-ho from the tourney. Coach Paulino and Danny's father Felipe were barred from Little League for life for turning children into cheats.

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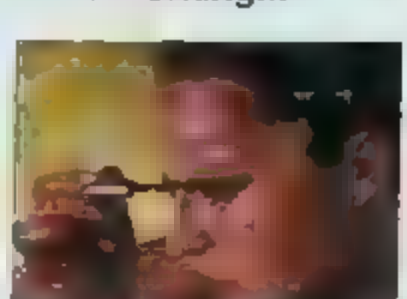
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- Two light levels

fluorescent bulb is the equivalent to a 150-Watt ordinary light bulb. This makes it perfect for activities such as reading, writing, sewing and needlepoint, and especially for aging eyes. For artists, the HappyEyes Floor Lamp can bring a source of natural light into a studio, and show the true colors of a work. This lamp has a flexible gooseneck design for maximum efficiency and two levels of light, with an "Instant On" switch that is flicker-free. The high fidelity electronics, ergonomically correct design, and bulb that lasts five times longer than an ordinary bulb makes this product a must-see.



The HappyEyes™ Floor Lamp will change the way you see and feel about your living or work spaces.

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—Karen R. CA

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—Jan L. GA

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A R T

WHEN BEAUTY WAS VIRTUE

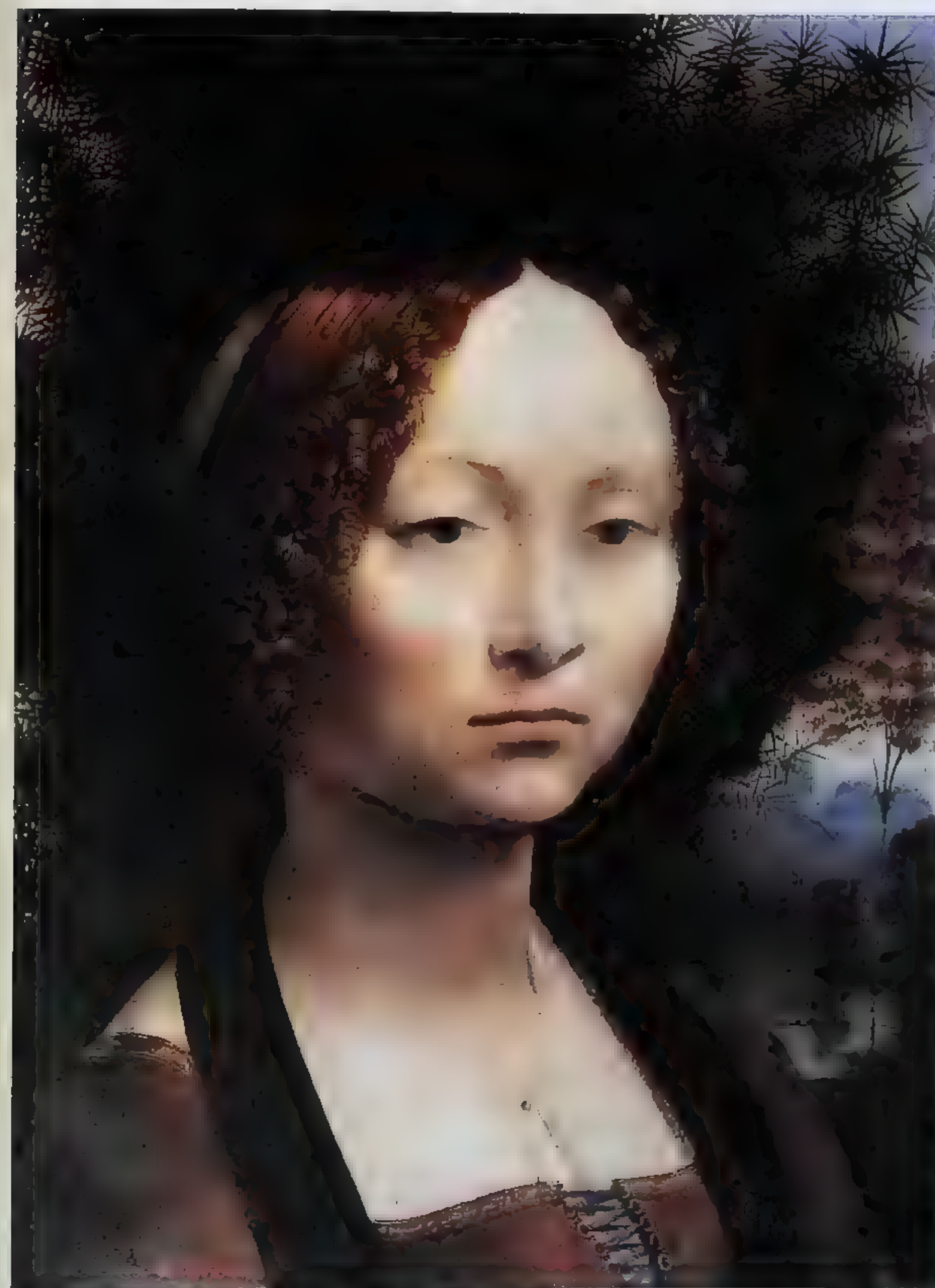
The great Italian Renaissance portraits of women were dream images. But truthful likenesses? No

By ROBERT HUGHES

IN THE CATALOG FOR "VIRTUE AND Beauty," the show of portraits of Renaissance women on view at the National Gallery of Art in Washington through Jan. 6, art historian Joanna Woods-Marsden poses a question that probably hasn't occurred to many people. We're used to seeing the human face photographed, drawn, scribbled and painted on movie and television screens, on billboards, in fact on a vast range of surfaces in our world, including the rock of Mount Rushmore. But suppose we weren't? Suppose that representations of real people were rarer than hens' teeth and that the only artificial faces and figures we had to look at were imaginary, mythical and sacred—Jesus and the saints, the gods of Olympus and the like? What if we never saw, in the normal course of life, a recognizable picture of anyone we knew? What, in other words, if we were like nearly everyone in Europe prior to 1400? "It is hard to exaggerate," writes Woods-Marsden, "the degree of modernity informing the invention of the independent, profane portrait in the early Renaissance."

With a few exceptions (Roman busts, Fayumic coffin likenesses), portraiture in art's long span is quite a new—well, new-ish—form. It really gets under way in 15th century Italy. It came with problems, though. Portraiture as we know it is the art of making recognizable likenesses of individuals. But not all Renaissance portraits are about verisimilitude, and even when they seem to be, their truth can't be tested because usually there are no other images of the same person to test it against.

Simonetta Vespucci, the mistress of Giuliano de' Medici, died of tuberculosis at 23, but it is said Botticelli used her lissome and rhythmical curves as the model for Venus on her half-shell and Flora in *La Primavera*. Vespucci may have looked like that, or she may not. Maybe she was a blond pudgie like Pamela Anderson. Getting tumbled in a wave of neo-Platonic fantasizing about how outer shape mirrors inner essence—"For Soule is Forme, and doth the Bodie make," wrote the poet Spenser in 1596—may be great for the figure and complexion when court painters like Botticelli and writers like Marsilio Ficino or Angelo Poliziano are watching, but it's not so good for documentary truth. As faithful records of human appearance, these 15th and 16th century portraits of women are unreliable. But they are also dream images, illustrating a semiphilo-



Leonardo's *Ginevra de' Benci*, c. 1474-78: preparing the way for modern portraiture

sophic proposition that we have altogether abandoned today: the idea that great beauty implies lofty virtue. Tell that to Hollywood and the model agencies.

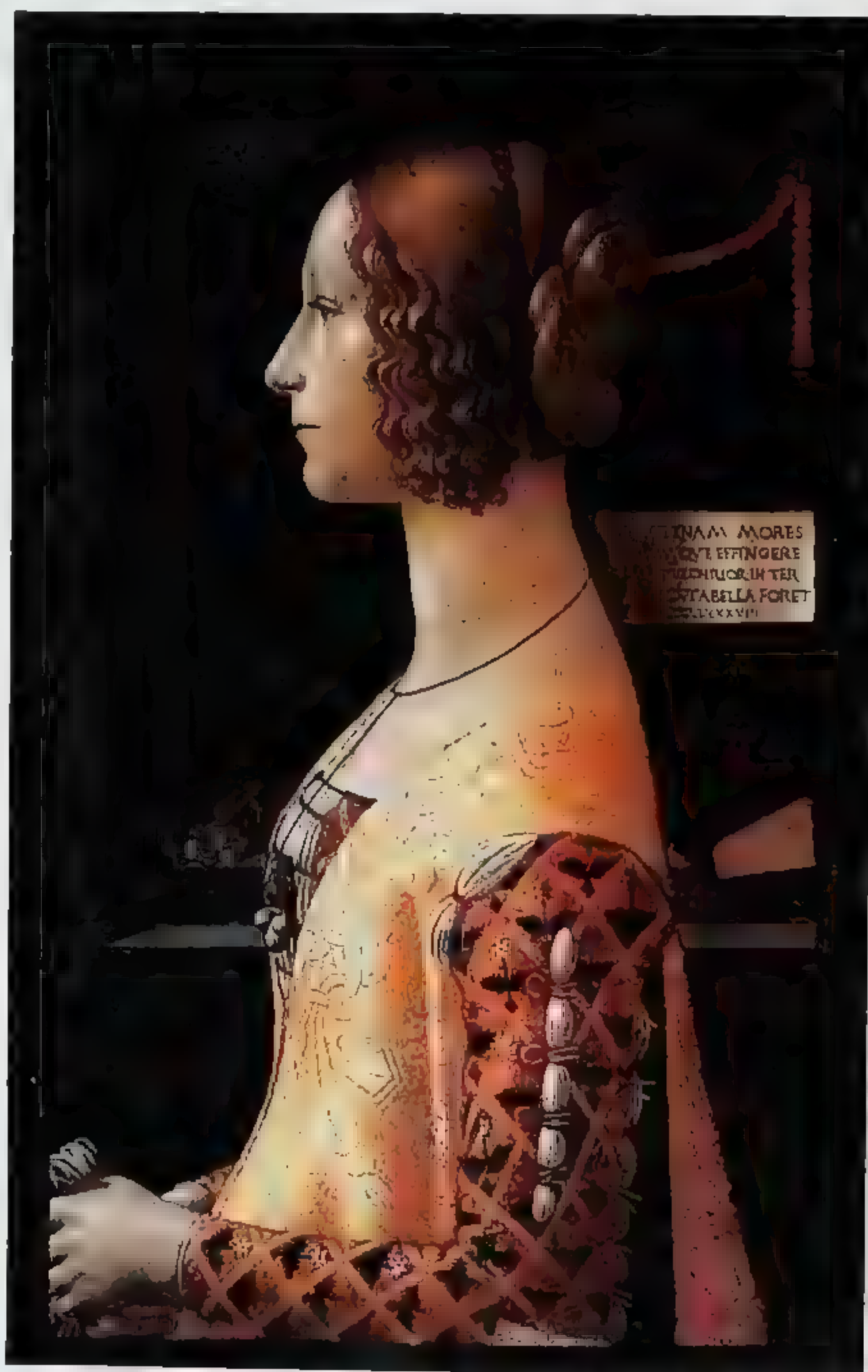
It was, however, an assumption that guided the way women were painted in quattrocento Italy. Actually, one feels that this show comes about 35 years late. It should have been done back in the '60s, when the National Gallery bought Leonardo da Vinci's *Ginevra de' Benci* from Liechtenstein. Leonardo was in his early '20s when he painted this daughter of a rich Florentine banker, circa 1474-78. On

the front of the panel you see the familiar face—that pale, egg-smooth, cold teenage mask—a girl soberly dressed in brown, the blue lacing of her bodice neatly echoing the blues of the far sky and the trees and water in the middle distance. Her blond hair frames her face in fine, tight ringlets. The painting prefigures Leonardo's later obsession with studies of the movement of water and air, not to mention his fondness for the similar hair of a future male lover, Salai—"beautiful hair, rich and curly," as he jotted on a page of his notebook.

The inwardness and remoteness of this girl are emphasized by the spiky leaves of the dark tree behind her—a juniper, *ginevra* in the Italian of the day, her given name. Then, on the back of the panel, is the explanatory inscription. A branch of laurel and a palm frond—for glory and virtue—enclose a twig of juniper, with the inscription "*Virtutem forma decorat*" (Beauty adorns virtue).

The portraits in this show follow a clear and fairly stereotyped pattern of development. The pattern emerges from Roman low-relief sculpture and contemporary portrait medallions, some of which

are also on view. In early likenesses by Pisanello, Pollaiuolo and Uccello, the subject is seen in strict profile. This gives her remoteness: she doesn't look back at you or acknowledge your gaze in any way. She is on display in all her finery, in scarlet velvet or cloth of gold, in brocade and pearls—an icon of marital success and faithfulness. (The catalog has an excellent essay by Roberta Landini and Mary Bulgarella on the arcane intricacies of status and ladies' fashion in 15th century Florence.) Her existence as a silhouette, an untouchable presence—or rather, apparition—reinforces the



Ghirlandaio's *Giovanna degli Albizzi Tornabuoni*, c. 1488-90

idea of virtue. So does the purity of line required by profile.

And there are conventions of beauty underlying those of art. For instance, the ideal Italian Renaissance woman had to be a white-skinned blond. Brunets would simply not do. Fashion, literature and the formal constructions of desire insisted on that. Since Italy, then as now, was short of

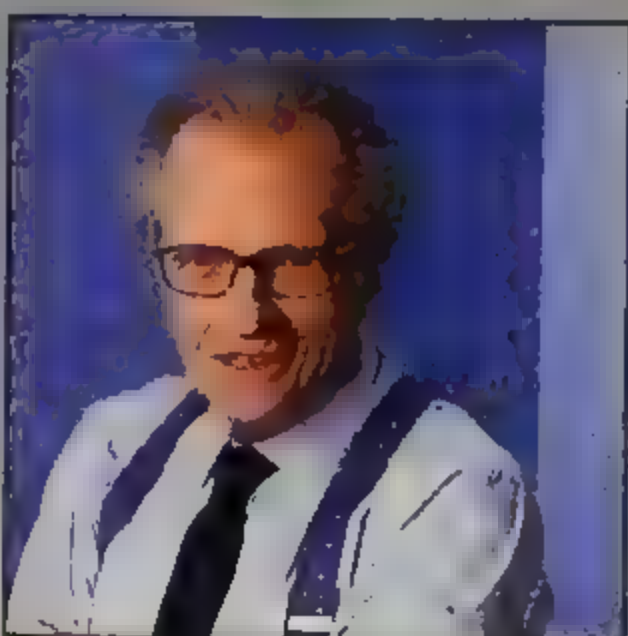
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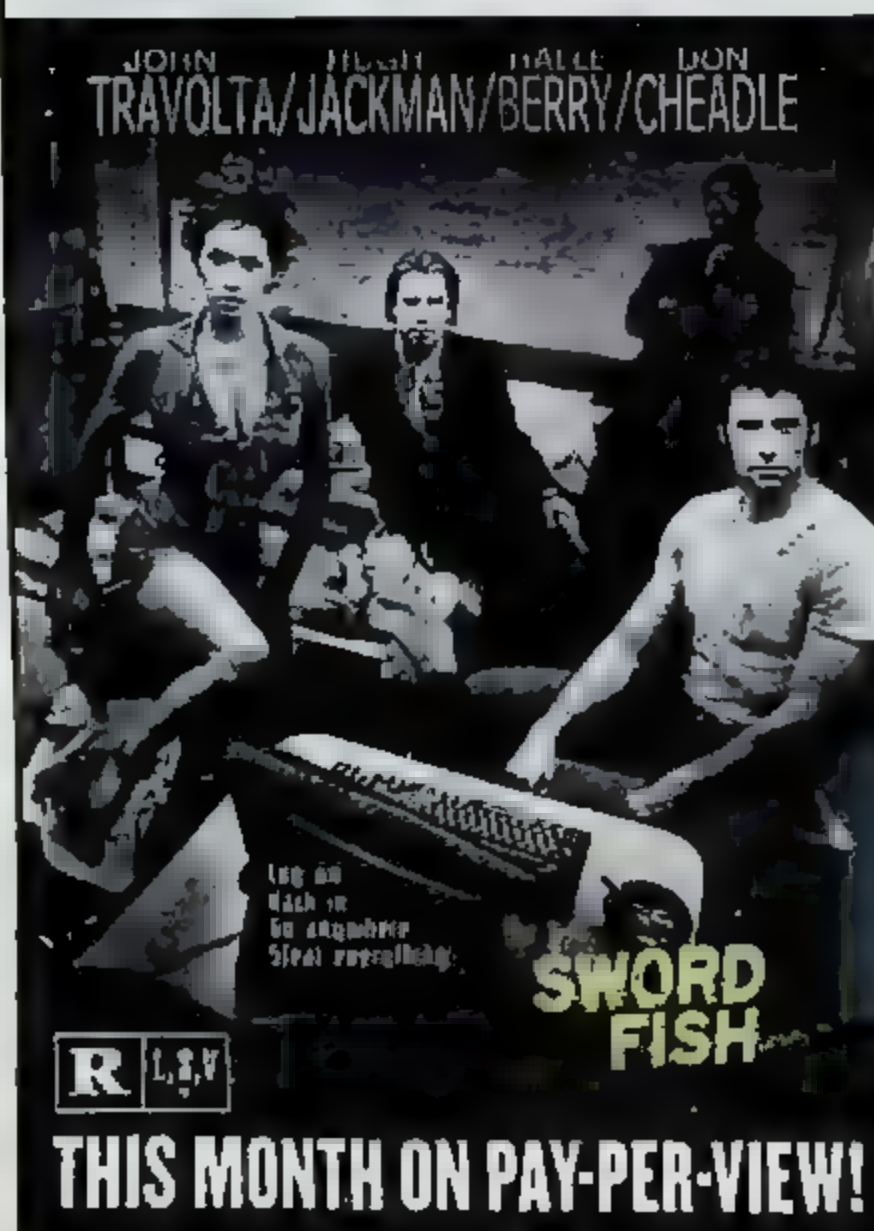
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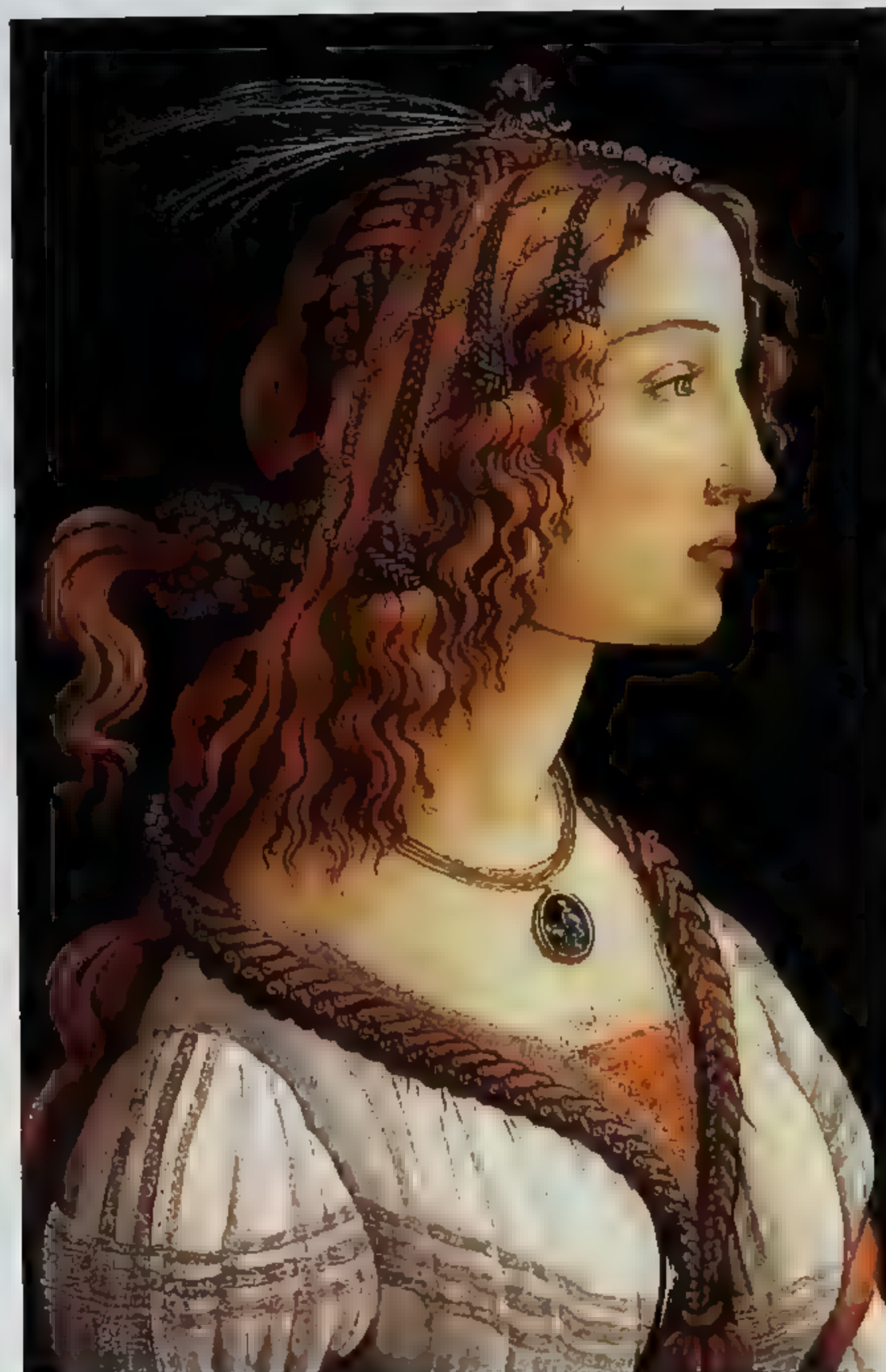
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A R T



Botticelli's *Young Woman in Mythological Guise*, c. 1480-85

pale natural blonds, bleaching was in order. A favorite bleach—especially in Venice, where prostitutes had to be blond to succeed—was human urine. Whose, history does not say.

Mercifully, although the catalog essays give an excellent account of the motives behind the portraits (the claiming of sexual and family territory, the presentation of the bride as property and so on), they don't overdo the vintage feminist rhetoric. Perhaps it is true, for instance, that the profile portrait implies male control over its subject. But where does that leave the fact that Renaissance husbands were also painted in profile? Is a woman dressed and jeweled to the nines a symbol of passivity, a man similarly kitted up one of power?

Historians today have thrown out one of the more optimistic ideas set forth in 1860 by Jacob Burckhardt's pioneering study of the Italian Renaissance, that in the 15th century women began to gain equality with men, acquiring a new social influence

as individuals in their own right. The portraits in this show neither confirm nor deny this idea. Although they do show women getting more spectacular, the act of wearing jewels that still belong to their husbands doesn't mean independence.

By far the most beautiful of the pure-profile images, not only in this show but in Renaissance painting as a whole, is the portrait of Giovanna degli Albizzi Tornabuoni, circa 1488, by Domenico Ghirlandaio. She died in childbirth in 1488 at the age of only 20, and it's possible that the image was made after her death, as a kind of monument. (J. Pierpont Morgan, who kept it in the study of his library in New York City, doted on it because it reminded him of his own dead wife, Amelia Sturges.) What is certain, however, is

that Ghirlandaio's rich, hot colors and formal precision, his exquisite control of all the microforms within the larger silhouettes—the serpentine waves and knotted bun of hair, the lovely complexities of brocade and embroidery—make this one of the greatest panel paintings of the 15th century and one of greater interest than Leonardo's *Ginevra de' Benci*.

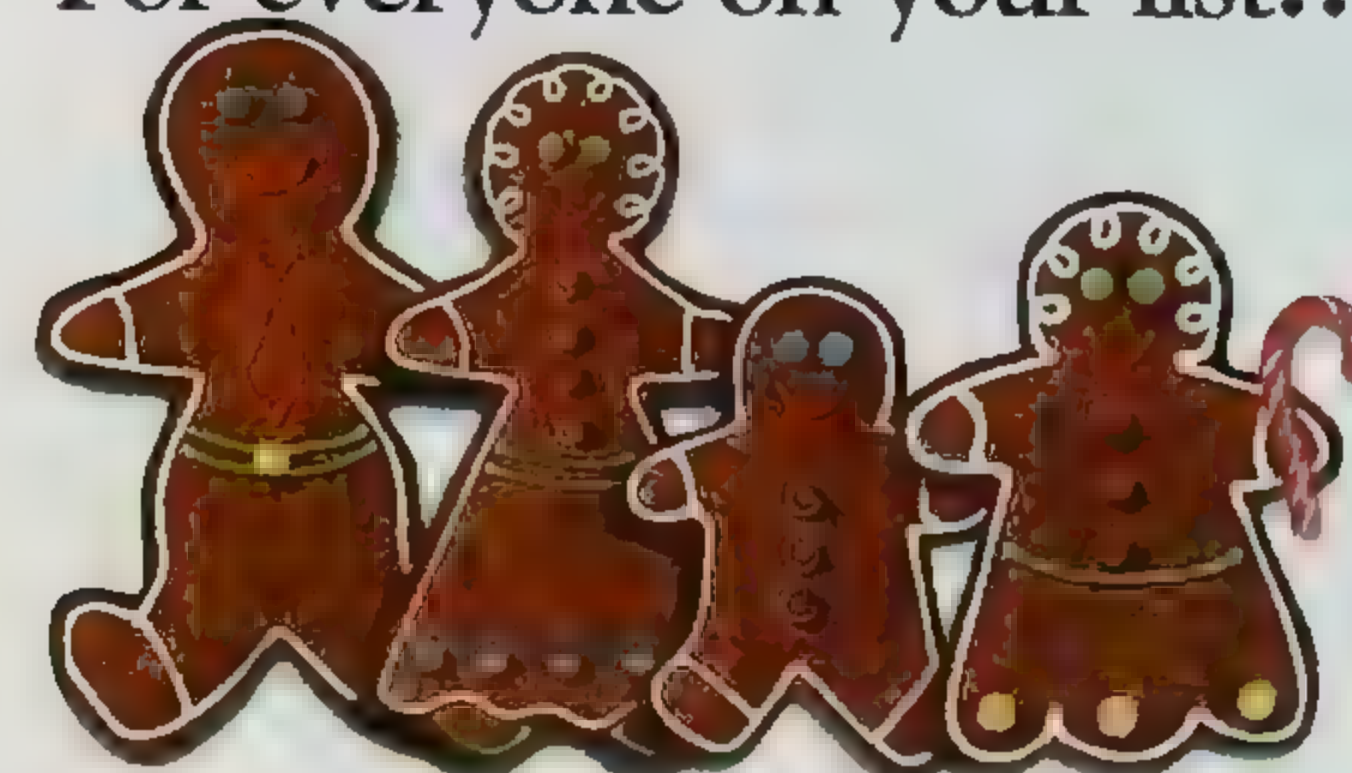
Gradually, the goddess of the palazzo comes closer. She turns toward you in three-quarters view, in imitation of Flemish painting. (There had been a big vogue in Florence for artists like Hans Memling and Petrus Christus.) This shift is just beginning in Botticelli's portrait of Simonetta Vespucci, but her pearl-encrusted beauty still has the idealized remoteness of myth. From the turn toward the viewer's eye would be born the modern idea of portraiture as the making of a "speaking likeness"—speaking, that is, to a viewer, rather than holding itself aloof. But absolute truth to nature? That remains a fiction now, as it was then.

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SHOW BUSINESS

The Renegade Gourmet

Kitchen Confidential author Anthony Bourdain is back with a new book and a Food Network show

By JOEL STEIN

ANTHONY BOURDAIN DOESN'T GET TO eat anything fun at home. "My wife is the most unimaginative eater ever. She doesn't even like tomatoes," he says. So Bourdain, 45, the chef who wrote 2000's restaurant tell-all, *Kitchen Confidential*, got himself a TV deal and book contract to travel around the world eating lamb testicles, duck embryo and a still-beating cobra heart ("like an aggressive oyster," he says). For this interview, he escapes from his Upper West Side apartment to a signless Japanese restaurant in the basement of a midtown Manhattan office building. He orders sea urchin roe and clam abductor muscle, smokes nine Lark cigarettes, and points out what he says is a geisha house behind a door without a handle. Chefs know all kinds of cool stuff.

Bourdain's mission is to show the cool, un-Martha side of the culinary world. And

after nearly two years of ranting about the Food Network's glossy simplification of cooking through such celebrity chefs as Emeril Lagasse and Bobby Flay, Bourdain will join them. Starting Jan. 8, at 10:30 p.m., he will appear on the network's 22-episode run of his half-hour travel show, *A Cook's Tour*, a companion to his book of the same name (Bloomsbury; \$25.95; 274 pages). In *Kitchen Confidential*, which became a surprise best seller, Bourdain drew a super-testosteroned picture of the guys who make French fries—and served up insider's secrets, including why people should not order fish on Mondays. In *A Cook's Tour* he takes even less advisable gastroenterological risks as he searches the globe for exotic foods. In one episode of the show, Bourdain toasts the Bam!-meister with a glass of cobra blood: "Hey, Emeril, why don't you kick this up a notch?" But Eileen Opatut, senior V.P. of programming for the Food Network, doesn't worry about Bourdain's slag-

ging her channel. "That has to do with a certain machismo that many people in the world of food have," she says. "I see Tony as being more akin to the Emerils and Bobbys of the world than just about anyone else. They speak plainly, and they are intellectually hungry when it comes to food."

Playing the role of the renegade rock-'n'-roll chef is going to get harder for Bourdain as his celebrity rises. David Fincher, the director of *Fight Club*, has optioned *Kitchen Confidential* for a film to be called *Seared*, and Brad Pitt may play the main character. Bourdain still maintains a position at the Manhattan brasserie Les Halles, where he is now executive chef, which means he shows up with a six-pack of Corona a few times a month and hangs out with the staff. He says he will never cook again; his knees are too shot and his bank account too fat. "I was always more in love with the lifestyle and my cooks than the customer. I didn't have the drive to perfection or the natural ability," he says as he finishes off a second glass of cold sake.

The voice Bourdain uses in conversation and in writing—an odd mixture of macho vulgarity and effete vocabulary, a DMX-Jane Austin duet in one person—has made him both a success and a target for most serious food writers. It's a learned toughness: he's by nature a softie, a prep-school kid who went to Vassar to follow a girl he had crush on (whom he later married). But after two years he dropped out of college to work in a series of kitchens—including fish shacks where he chopped onions alongside ex-con fry cooks—before earning a degree at the prestigious Culinary Institute of America. Now Bourdain is worried about how he's going to keep his edge while appearing on the Emeril channel. "Cooking is quantifiable. At the end of the day, you sleep well," he says. "I just like to hang out in the kitchen and suck up the ambience."

FROM OUR CONTRIBUTORS



Dr. Ian Smith's
Guide to
Medical Websites

With the glut of medical information on the Internet, how do you know which websites to trust? From allergy remedies to doctors' registries, *Dr. Ian Smith's Guide to Medical Websites*, by the TIME

contributor and *Today* show correspondent, rates sites by reliability, interactivity and user-friendliness.

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Sanjay Gupta, M.D.

R: Not for the Elderly

A million American senior citizens each year take drugs they should probably never be given. What to watch for

SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH THE WAY DRUGS ARE PRESCRIBED TO THE ELDERLY in this country. Every year, according to last week's *Journal of the American Medical Association*, nearly 7 million older Americans—about one-fifth of the population age 65 or older—are given medications that are rarely appropriate for people their age. Worse still, the same article reports, nearly 1 million swallow pills that an expert panel has determined senior citizens should probably never take.

How does this happen? Mix-ups, pill sharing and people using expired prescrip-

tions contribute, but at least part of the problem is the way doctors are trained. Pediatrics is mandatory in all U.S. medical schools, but geriatric care tends to get glossed over. In pediatric rotations, I was told over and over that kids are not little adults. They are treated differently and get different drugs and dosages.

Not so the elderly. Seniors, despite appearances, are not just older adults. The human body goes through changes as it ages, externally and internally. The elderly often have less muscle mass, a slower metabolism and greater sensitivity to certain drugs. Yet the recommended dosages for most medications are based on a 154-lb. man of normal metabolism—with no allowance for age.

Case in point: propoxyphene (Darvon), which for the elderly offers no better pain relief than aspirin or Tylenol and is known to be addictive. Yet more than 6% of the seniors surveyed had been prescribed propoxyphene. Even more serious are a variety of modern tranquilizers and hyp-

Dr. Gupta is a medical correspondent at CNN. E-mail: drsanjaygupta@hotmail.com

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notics, such as flurazepam (Somnol) and chlorthalidopexide (Librium). These medicines can lead to falls and hip fractures.

The most disturbing stories I've heard are from older patients who complain to their doctors about the adverse effects of their medication and are told that they are "just getting old." The fault is not al-

ways with the doctor, Dr. Arlene Bierman, one of the authors of the study, is quick to add. "Physicians want to give good care, and patients want to receive it," she says. But a situation that was already bad is getting worse as the population ages and new medications proliferate.

There is also an underlying problem with our medical system that Dr. Jerry Avorn, writing in an accompanying editorial, describes as the "triumph of habit over evidence." Doctors tend to write the prescriptions they're used to writing, rather than boning up on the latest drugs.

There is talk of instituting technological fixes—pharmacy-based warning systems or handheld devices that give doctors up-to-date drug lists. An enhanced focus on geriatric care in medical school would also help, as would annual medication reviews. But for now, seniors may have to fend for themselves. They should never change prescriptions without consulting their physicians, but they should feel free to question their doctors if they find themselves taking medications from the list of drugs to avoid.

—With reporting by Jonathan Lynch/Atlanta



BOSOM BUDDIES Twelve years ago, researchers announced that breast-cancer patients who participated in support groups coped better and lived longer than those who didn't. The only problem: the subjects were almost all upper-middle-class white women in California. A larger, more comprehensive study now shows that support groups do not, in fact, prolong life—which may come as a relief to women who felt compelled to join them. But the sessions do help patients control pain and overcome the depression and anxiety that often accompany a breast-cancer diagnosis.

BOMBED Doctors used to think the main drawbacks of naltrexone, one of two drugs prescribed for alcoholism, were that it was expensive (about \$1,000 a year) and had to be taken every day. Now a new study suggests it may not even work—at least for male veterans who have had a drinking problem for 20 years or more. For study participants who fit that description, naltrexone was no better than a placebo in reducing alcohol consumption.

GIRTH OF A NATION Like their plump parents, American children are growing fatter at an alarming rate. According to the latest results of an ongoing study, the problem is particularly acute among black and Hispanic kids. More than 20% of them are overweight today, double the rate of 12 years ago. Among white kids, the rate jumped 50%, from 8% to 12%. The most likely culprits: too many soft drinks, too much fast food, too much time spent sitting in front of televisions and computers and too little exercise. —By Janice M. Horowitz

Sources: New England Journal of Medicine (2 & 2); JAMA



Anita Hamilton

'Tis the Season to Be Thrifty

Even Santa has his helpers. So why not let comparison-shopping sites save you time and money this year?

THIS MAY BE THE SEASON FOR GIVING, BUT THAT'S NO REASON TO LET RETAILERS rip you off, especially online. Whether you're an old hand at Web shopping or one of the many Americans trying it for the first time this year, you should always check out at least one price-comparison website before you buy.

If you haven't looked at the shopping bots in a few years, you're in for a pleasant surprise. Instead of just finding the lowest prices, they now rate the merchants they search, so you will feel a little more confident

about buying that \$1,000 camcorder from a site like Love4

Digital.com or BestDisco Cam.com. Key details like shipping costs and whether a product is in stock are often displayed with your search results. And make sure you update your bookmarks: some of the most popular sites today—such as *bizrate.com* and *pricegrabber.com*—weren't even in the comparison-shopping business a few years ago.

Finding low prices is the easy part—and the one thing all seven sites I tested did well. What really distinguishes the good bots from the bad are their rating systems, breadth of offerings and ease of use. The decidedly inferior *pricescan.com* searched disappointingly few merchants in all but the electronics category and seemed to have trouble simply producing coherent search results. My overall favorite, *bizrate.com*, promptly found

Questions for Anita? You can e-mail hamilton@time.com

THE HOTTEST SHOPPING BOTS

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everything I wanted—from a bottle of Veuve Clicquot to the latest Palm computer. Because Bizrate's rankings for each site are culled from thousands of consumer surveys, rather than the handful per merchant found on many of the other bots (or none at all, at Price Scan and SmartShop), Bizrate also made me feel the safest about shopping online. The on-time delivery rankings are especially handy for last-minute shoppers. About the only thing missing were shipping charges—features my second favorite sites, *dealttime.com* and *mysimon.com*, usually

provided. (The ratings on those sites, however, weren't as complete.)

If you think you know

what you want to buy but could use a second opinion, *epinions.com* is worth a visit. It's the only site that provides user ratings of both merchants and products. Unfortunately, the product selection is a bit on the slender side. It doesn't cover clothing or food, for example. And while the site's user recom-

mendations convinced me that it was O.K. to buy the cordless screwdriver I had been eyeing, not a single merchant is listed that sells it.

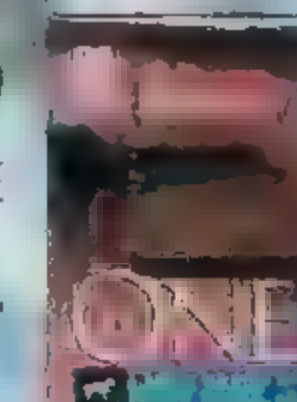
There are a few tricks to remember when using these sites. Keep in mind that the lowest price doesn't always mean the best deal. Shipping costs, which aren't always displayed, can quickly eat up any savings. And if a discount merchant has a poor rating or doesn't have the product in stock, that low price flashing onscreen will do you as much good Christmas morning as a lump of coal in your stocking. ■

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Jean Chatzky

A New Kind of Layoff Insurance

Do you have the savings to weather months without a job? If not, here's how to use your home as a lifeline

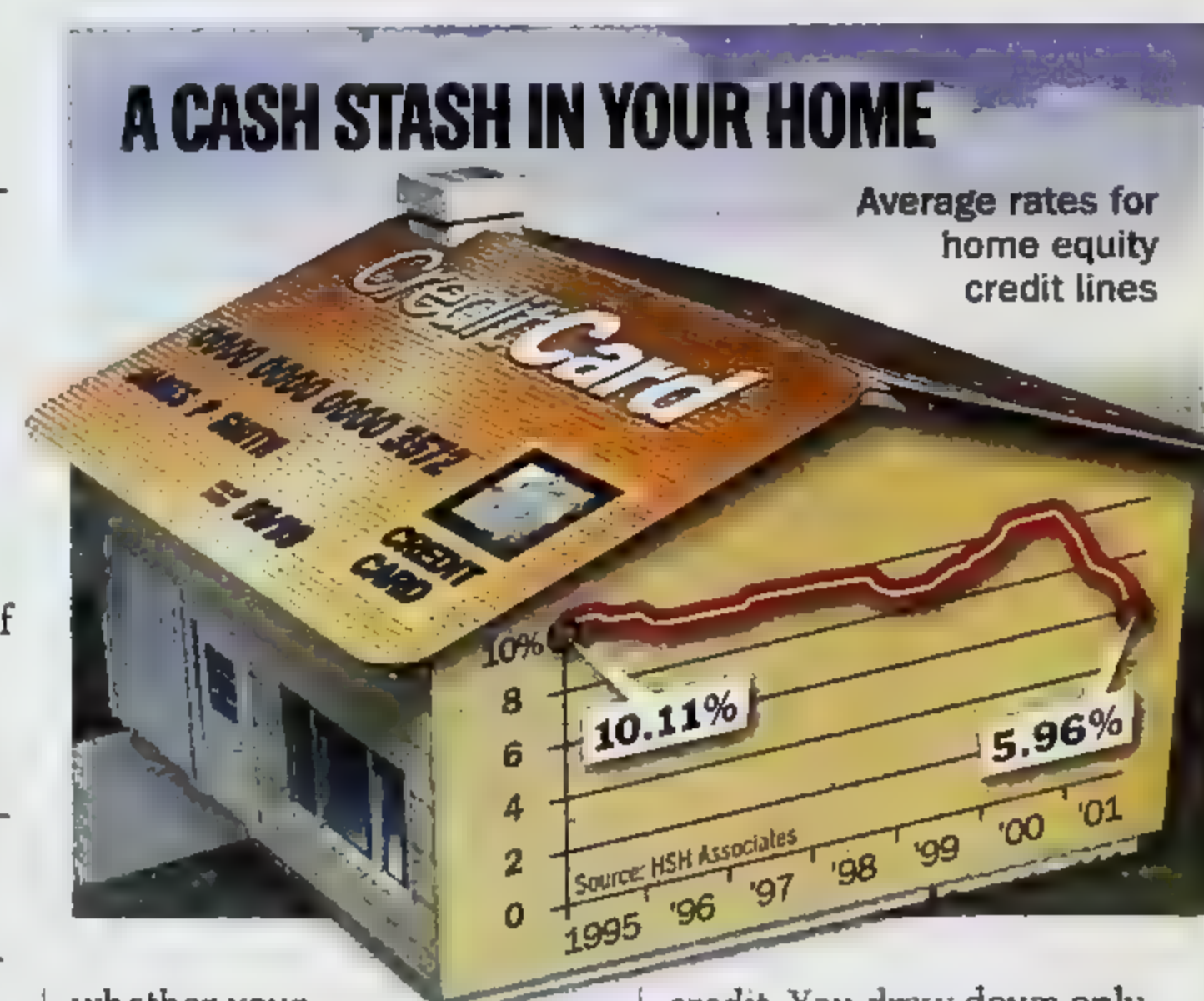
THOUGH THE RECESSION'S BLOODLETTING DIMINISHED LAST MONTH, TO about 180,000 layoffs—down 25% from the record set in September—it continues to make news. Last week American Express announced it was shedding more than 5,500 employees—on top of the 7,700 it cut earlier in the year. Similar dire notices came last week in industries as diverse as health insurance (Aetna), semiconductors (Applied Materials) and automotive products (Delphi). Fear of job loss is spreading among workers in retailing,

which is expected to downsize sharply in 2002. Even the booming health-care sector isn't safe if the recession continues into the second half of next year, says John Challenger, CEO of the outplacement firm Challenger Gray & Christmas.

What can you do to prepare? Most financial planners advise that you set aside, in a savings or money-market account, an emergency cushion of three months' to six months' salary. (Last month the typical laid-off worker took 14.5 weeks to find a new job.) Unfortunately many of us have far too little cash in our emergency fund. A Fidelity Investments survey released this month shows that 2 out of 5 families—some 71 million Americans in all—haven't scraped together even a three-month cushion. In a pinch, those surveyed said, they would borrow from friends and family, sell investments and raid their tax-advantaged IRA and 401(k) retirement accounts.

But you may have another option: your house. I'm not suggesting you put it on the market. Instead, find out

Jean Chatzky is editor-at-large for MONEY magazine. You can send her an e-mail at moneytalk@moneymail.com



whether your home's appreciation and your principal payments on your mortgage have left you with valuable equity that you could tap in an emergency.

The best way to do this is with a home-equity line of credit. Lines of credit, like home-equity loans, are second mortgages with a typical 10-year term that are secured with a lien, or claim, against your house. When you receive a home-equity loan, the lender cuts you a big check and requires that you begin repaying the loan immediately, with interest. Not so with lines of

credit. You draw down only what you need, when you need it—and only then do you begin paying the lender. For that reason, says Keith Gumbinger, vice president at mortgage information publisher HSH.com, lines of credit make great emergency cushions. "If you never lose your job and never borrow any money, there's never anything to pay," he says.

That isn't all the good news. Rates on home-equity lines of credit, which typically move with the prime interest rate charged to the most credit-worthy business borrowers, are at record lows. As of last week,

the average line of credit was 5.96% with no closing costs, according to HSH's survey of 1,100 lenders—and was expected to fall further, thanks to the Federal Reserve's quarter-point reduction in short-term interest rates last week.

As with any purchase, you will get the best deal by shopping around. Don't just read the ads in your local paper, Gumbinger cautions. Smaller institutions such as credit unions and savings and loan associations often have the best rates, in part because they don't spend much on advertising and instead rely on word of mouth to bring customers to their doors. In Albany, N.Y., for example, megabank Fleet Boston is offering a rate of prime plus 1.25%, while tiny Troy Savings is offering prime minus 1% (currently 3.75%) for the first six months, then prime plus zero. Generally, interest on the first \$100,000 of a home-equity line of credit is tax deductible as long as your total mortgage debt doesn't exceed the value of your house.

Of course, you will be far more likely to get approved for a line of credit if you apply while you are still drawing a paycheck. You may have enough of a window from the time the pink slips go out till the time you stop getting paid, but it's wiser to arrange your credit line before you need it.

(If you are already out of work and want to draw money out of your home, ask your current lender about a streamlined refinancing of your mortgage that could allow you to lower your rate or extend your term without providing new documentation. Either route will reduce your monthly payment.)

Is there any downside to taking out a line of credit that you never use? Not really. Some lenders charge annual "nonusage" fees of \$50 to \$100 if you take out a line of credit and let the checks sit in a drawer. Even then, says Gumbinger, "It sounds like pretty inexpensive insurance to me."

—With reporting by Cybele Weissner/New York

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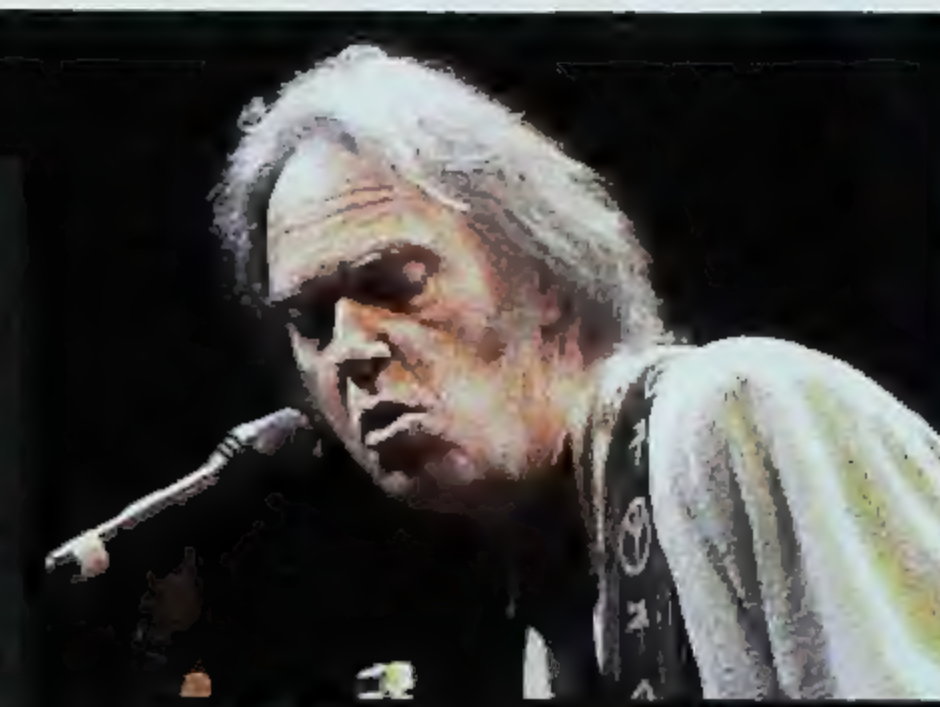
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PEOPLE

By ELLIN MARTENS

AN OLD ROCKER ROLLS AGAIN FOR SEPT. 11

Radio stations across the country got a little surprise in the mail last week: just-burned plain white compact discs on which were scrawled, *Let's Roll* and Neil Young. Yes, the **NEIL YOUNG**, muttonchopped crooner of protest hymns, who, while recording his new album, asked his manager to roll out *Roll*, his ode to the hijacked passengers of United Airlines Flight 93. Young was inspired by reading an article about Todd Beamer, 32, who stormed the cockpit—but not before signaling his fellow rebels with his now famous phrase, “Let’s roll.” The song is “a powerful funk-rock dirge,” according to the *New York Times*. It has been getting much radio play and will be included in Young’s new album next spring. But why the low-key marketing campaign? Said a rep from Young’s record label: “This wasn’t designed to compete with Britney and Shakira.”



STEVE TACKIFF—WIRE IMAGE

Love and Cartburn

Something was old (the groom’s ancient MacLaren tartan kilt), something was new (the bride’s white Giorgio Armani empire-waist dress); something was borrowed (Skibo, the Scottish castle where Madonna wed), and something was ... burning! Actress **ASHLEY JUDD** (below, at this year’s Oscar ceremony), 33, and Edinburgh-born race-car driver **DARIO FRANCHITTI**, 28, were reportedly 10 minutes into their wedding ceremony when a golf cart used to ferry guests around caught fire. The brief blaze was not the only excitement. Rumors of DeNiro, Paltrow, Douglas and Zeta-Jones cameos proved false, but other Judds sang *Love Can Build a Bridge*. Inside, fires blazed in their proper places, and the marriage bed was strewn with specially airlifted-in red rose petals—and extra tartan blankets.

STEVE GRANITZ—WIRE IMAGE



BRILLIANT CAREER, INTERRUPTED

Last year two-time Oscar nominee **WINONA RYDER** told a reporter, “Trends are so fleeting that new clothes are a bad investment.” This may help explain the inexplicable: why the *Reality Bites* star was charged by the Beverly Hills police department with felony grand theft last week. Police say Saks Fifth Avenue security staff captured her on video removing security sensors from clothes, jewelry and hair accessories, putting the goods into a large bag and leaving the store. Total haul: about \$4,700. But it got more complicated for Ryder, 30, when police found pharmaceutical drugs in her bag—but no prescription. She was released on \$20,000 bond and drove home in her black Mercedes. Her lawyer, Mark Geragos, says it’s “a misunderstanding on the part of the store” and that Ryder can produce receipts. But can she produce a lift in her career? Her recent movies, such as *Autumn in New York*, have been box-office duds. Ryder has always been considered smart, edgy and a tad fragile. While promoting the psych-ward memoir *Girl, Interrupted*, she told reporters she’d once checked herself into a psych ward, and checked herself out two weeks later. Her next appearance: a Jan. 11 court date.

MIKE GUASTELLA—WIRE IMAGE

YOU HAVE TO FIGHT TO GAIN NIRVANA

Last week the privacy-averse **COURTNEY LOVE**—widow of Kurt Cobain, the Nirvana rocker who killed himself in 1994—penned a wounded e-mail to the band’s fans. Seems the Widow Cobain is being sued by Nirvana members Dave Grohl and Krist Novoselic, who want her to have no say in the band’s affairs. The two are fed up with Love’s attempts to block release of a greatest-hits CD. So Courtney went straight to the fans. “Kurt Cobain was Nirvana,” she wrote, and said she represents him. Grohl and Novoselic released their own missive, saying Love was acting out of an “obsessive need for publicity and attention.” Is there a moral here? Play law-school dances for free.

GRANTZ—WIRE IMAGE



TIME, DECEMBER 24, 2001

Lance Morrow

Awfully Ordinary

What happened to the evil genius? How bin Laden's tape cuts him down to size

THE VIDEOTAPED BIN LADEN COFFEE KLATCH HAS THE DISTINCTIVE atmosphere of evil with its feet up—sated, self-satisfied, laughing. It's a disturbing impression.

When evil performs in public, it usually comes onstage in full makeup, with lurid lighting and horrid effects, riding a horse backward. Here we see evil backstage, with its makeup off—the smirking, kicked-back thuggishness, say, of gangsters twirling pasta and gloating over the success of the St. Valentine's Day Massacre.

Mafiosi, of course, do not punctuate their conversation with "Allah is great!" and "Praise Allah!" The bin Laden home movie mixes ejaculations of piety with postgame Islamic towel snapping and a chillingly cynical amusement at the sucker martyrs. Combine the piety and the thug's mirth, and you get something of that lounging insolence with which Satan, at the opening of the *Book of Job*, answers God's "Whence comest thou?" with: "From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it." A sneering theological swagger. Evil usually feels comfortable with itself. If it had doubts, it would not be evil.

You cannot watch the tape without thinking of Hannah Arendt's famous phrase "the banality of evil."

Because 9/11 has caused such reverberations in the world, people have subconsciously endowed bin Laden with the size and force, the diabolical cunning, of a supervillain or, in some parts of the world, of a superhero. The video produces a severely diminishing effect—something like listening to the Nixon Oval Office tapes (though radically different orders of crime are under discussion). The grainy video brings down the image of bin Laden in something of the way that the Taliban blew up the giant statues of Buddha at Bamiyan.

Arendt coined the term banality of evil in order to try to define the (terrifying) ordinariness of Adolf Eichmann, the Nazi bureaucrat who helped manage Hitler's killing machine. Each age, it may be, gets its own appropriate evil. A centerless bureaucrat, for example, to run the Nazi regime's program of industrial extermination. In the videotape, bin Laden seems to radiate—if that is the word—a different sort of banality: the unexpected ordinariness of his awfulness.

Is it the conversation of a madman? No. An evil genius? Part

of the deflation is an atmosphere of ineffable near-stupidity. The recollected premonitions in dreams about soccer teams made up of airplane pilots, for example. Stupidity is evil's dimwit half-brother. It dawns on you as you watch the tape that bin Laden may be like one of those not quite bright real-life hoods who strut around with the Godfather movies unreeling in their minds, the theme music playing in their inner ears; Al Pacino has given them the dialogue, a myth of themselves. Bin Laden is the John Gotti of jihad.

There's also a kind of vicious innocence at work. The evildoers in the video seem to ask themselves, Who would have thunk?!!! They are like nasty children who set a fire in the basement of the school... and cannot believe their luck when they succeed in burning the entire building down. *Allahu akbar!* The jihad-niks burble about it in a wide-eyed way. To the evil imagination, this great, unlooked-for destruction is a miracle—all the more astonishing because it seems to accomplish, in this violent and profane world, a transformation of the same amazing order as that dream of paradise, with its 72 virgins, that existed only in the faith or dirty fantasies of the saps with the box cutters.

More than a half-century ago, in the shadow of Stalin and Auschwitz, the critic Lionel Trilling spoke of "the fatuity that does not know the evil of the world." The other night in Boston, a group of American college students declared that 9/11 and all that has followed are "media hype." Such sinister obtuseness is not typical of their age group, even on college campuses. Still, anytime before Sept. 11, most 19- or 20-year-old students, if asked to name the most dramatic-traumatic public event of their lives, invariably remembered the explosion of the *Challenger*. Evil, in the prosperous and peaceful America they grew up in under Reagan and Clinton, was a mechanical failure—something wrong with the O rings.

What will be the consequence of such innocence? Baudelaire said evil's shrewdest trick is to persuade us that it does not exist. Does bin Laden confirm the existence of evil? Or the stupid ordinariness of awfulness? Both, I'd say. One of the consequences of 9/11 has been to revive, so to speak, the belief in evil. Evil is hard to define, but it's there all right. It's like pornography: you know it when you see it.



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